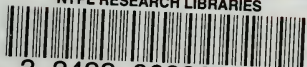


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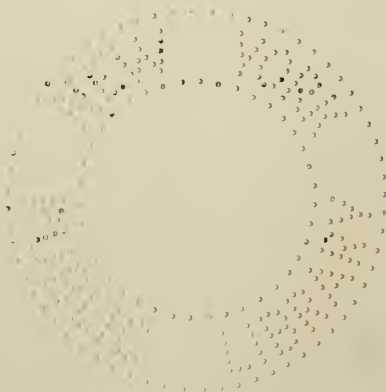
# THE ISSUES OF LIFE

BY

ELWOOD WORCESTER

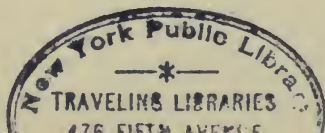
AUTHOR OF

"THE LIVING WORD," "RELIGION AND MEDICINE,"  
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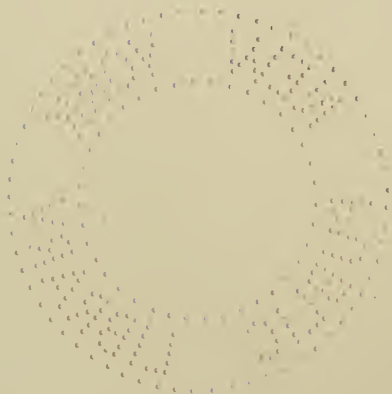
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**Dedication:**

TO

**ALFRED WORCESTER**  
OF WALTHAM

WHO HAS REALIZED ONE OF BALZAC'S  
NOBLEST DREAMS IN PROVING WHAT  
CAN BE DONE FOR THE REDEMPTION  
OF MAN BY A COUNTRY DOCTOR

1924

JUN

C. D.

## INTRODUCTION

THE general purpose and scope of this volume are contained in its title—The Issues of Life. In it I have tried once more to apply the principles of the Christian Religion to the physical, moral and spiritual needs of men. The Religion of Christ was given once for all, but its interpretation in the light of contemporary knowledge and its application to our spiritual life is a task which each generation must perform for itself, the accomplishment of which determines in great degree the moral power of the generations as they pass. In the Christian Religion we possess an unending source of social progress and of spiritual development, but it is plain to any man who knows life that we are not



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deriving from our religion the help that it is able to give us. To fancy therefore that we have outgrown and exhausted Christ is a vain imagination, especially if we compare His sanity and His gigantic moral strength with the bloodthirsty or the puerile substitutes proposed by men who have rejected His counsels of love and service. As a matter of fact it is impossible for the best intellect among us to draw the faint shadowy outline of the religious teacher who should be able to succeed Him. Later and wiser generations of men will read our estimates of Christianity with a smile, and if we are still capable of blushing we shall blush for them. The present condition of the world, far from disproving the truth of Christianity, only shows how fearful is the penalty we pay for contemning it. It is not by departing from Jesus Christ but by

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drawing nearer to Him, by touching Him and letting Him touch us, that we shall find deliverance and salvation.

But this contact with Him can be established only in the domain of the will. It is only by accepting His tasks and uniting our will to His that we become His disciples. On no other ground will He accept us and here, on His own chosen ground, He will ever remain supreme and incomparable. Jesus laid down no system of dogmas. He did not demand intellectual assent and He promised nothing to those who so agreed with Him. He judged men by a different standard, as they willed or willed not to do the will of God. It is in this sphere of volition, of faith, love, sacrifice and service, that we meet Him and are acknowledged by Him. This is one of the underlying conceptions of this book.

## INTRODUCTION

Another purpose I have had in mind is to show the effect of faith, peace and inward unity on our moral and physical health and on our effectiveness in all the relations of life. This is a subject which experience enables me to describe with some exactness and authority. Innumerable men are better able than I am to depict the ideal aspects of religion, but not many men have had richer opportunities to judge of its practical effect in the renewal of life, and I beg the reader to believe that in describing these phenomena I am not writing of that which I do not know. The work undertaken by us nine years ago has gone on without cessation ever since, deepening and expanding, of late years, happily, silently and without publicity. It was God, I believe, who called us to it and who has sustained us in it. For nine years a steady procession of

## INTRODUCTION

men and women seeking moral and physical aid has passed through the portals of Emmanuel Church, and they have received such services as we could render them, without money and without price. As I look back over these years they seem like a marvellous dream, an opportunity of service, and of intimate access to all that is best and worst in men and women for which I can never be grateful enough, and the reward for which I am most thankful is that the more I have learned of human nature even at its worst, the more I have found to love and admire in it.

ELWOOD WORCESTER,

RECTORY OF EMMANUEL CHURCH,

October, 1915.

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## KEEPING OUR HEARTS

Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues  
of life.

PROVERBS: VI, 23





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CITY OF NEW YORK

## CHAPTER I

### KEEPING OUR HEARTS

PERHAPS the greatest discovery of the age in which we are living is the discovery of the soul. This may seem a fantastic statement, as one may naturally suppose that this fundamental verity at least we have always known and have never doubted.

In my youth I spent nearly ten years in the study of psychology under some of the greatest teachers then living, and with the exception of Theodor Fechner, whose wonderful ideas and still more wonderful faith I have set forth in *The Living Word*, I found no teacher who in any real sense believed in the soul. Interrogated on this point, their answers became, as Goethe

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complained, "a sarcasm on the asker." Mental phenomena, of course, they believed in, but in a uniting intelligence, a spiritual and enduring principle, in anything worthy to be called a soul, so far as I could perceive, they did not believe.

Today we have become less skeptical. Even Professor Munsterberg recently acknowledged to the Baptist ministers that it is unprofitable to lecture on psychology without admitting the existence of a soul. Strange to say, what has brought us to this recognition is very largely our growing knowledge of the soul's diseases and the laws of those diseases. (A thing which is non-existent should at all events have the grace not to be sick.) The fact is, that just as we have learned almost all we know about the human body from the injuries and maladies to which it is exposed, so we

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have approached our knowledge of the soul through the ills and disorders from which the soul suffers, and as the one has its laws, its friends and its enemies, so has the other, and it is about some of these laws of the soul that I wish to write.

But first it would be well to remind ourselves of the teachings of the Lord Jesus Christ. To Him the soul was no nonentity, no matter of doubt and indifference in any scheme of life. It was the central fact, the one important thing out of which all goodness and happiness flow. In fact He hardly spoke of anything else, and He spoke so clearly, so profoundly and so luminously about the soul, that His words are as fresh and as important today as they were when they were uttered. As the soul is inexhaustible, so is Jesus' teaching in regard to it.

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It may well be that Jesus had this great Proverb in mind when he declared that that which entereth into a man defileth him not, but that which cometh out of him. We cannot escape the evil of the world or the knowledge of its evil, but that which we do not assimilate to ourselves, but cast from us, does us no harm. It is only that which we make our own and express in an act of will which defiles us.

Jesus also, strange to say, acquired much of His knowledge of the soul through a knowledge of its diseases. He did not exercise His wonderful ministry and come into contact with every form of mental and moral weakness without learning much from it. Many of His noblest sayings are addressed to individual sufferers in regard to their personal needs. Few of His words could have been spoken by a man who had

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not a profound personal knowledge of human nature. With Him, nothing is theoretical or in the air; all His teaching is biological and psychological; that is why it sounds so modern to us. He took His stand at the unchanging centre of things where the bright light of truth filled His soul and flooded the pathway of His thought in every direction, and when we stand beside Him, life becomes simple and luminous.

“Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life.”

As we go through the world, innumerable thoughts, persons, things and interests press on us and claim us, demanding our thought, our time, our sympathy, and our strength. Some of these are good, some bad, some merely indifferent. Some are gladdening and some depressing. Some irritate us and weaken us and some exalt and inspire us.

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Before we have lived long we see that we cannot yield to all. We cannot know everything, we cannot experience everything, we cannot respond to every demand. In comparison with our strength and capacity the claims made upon us seem infinite. Unless we would be overwhelmed and accomplish nothing, some selection is necessary. We cannot respond to all demands, we cannot conform to all opinions, we cannot yield to all our moods and feelings, or we shall be bankrupt in mind, body and estate.

When we realize this and begin to act upon it, we make one of the most important discoveries in regard to ourselves we shall ever make. It is that we have such power of selection and that only the things we choose to attend to have any real power over us. Even those great ministers of fate and destiny, those messengers of God whom

we do not seek, but who seek and find us, are transformed by our disposition toward them. Stones of stumbling give us new wings. Heavy burdens develop corresponding strength. Loss and misfortune make us humbler, gentler, deeper men and women.

This is the beginning of the science of life, guarding our heart with all diligence and being careful what we admit into it. Innumerable persons never learn this first lesson. They have no principle of selection and live according to no plan. They admit everything that knocks and respond to every stimulus, good and bad, depressing and strengthening alike. They go through life the sport of chance, the footballs of Satan, living ineffectively, living unhappily because the house of their soul contains so many enemies of their peace, and their inner life possesses no unity.



But suppose we perceive the folly of so living, and our failing strength and growing depression warn us to live so no longer, how are we to escape from such a habit? We do not wish to do so by cutting ourselves off from the world and concentrating our thought on ourselves. We do not desire a narrow, restricted lot like that of the early Christians who fled from themselves into the monastery and the desert. What we are looking for is not even for tasks equal to our present strength, but for strength equal to any legitimate tasks. That is the glory of religion. It gives us tasks beyond our strength, and then gives us strength to do them. It points us to a higher, more difficult way, and sustains us in it. "My religion," said Lao Tze, "is to think the unthinkable thought, to speak the ineffable word, to do the impossi-



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ble deed, and to walk the impassable way.”

Suppose then, recognizing this, we wish to increase our strength and to lead more effective lives—how are we to do so? I can tell you in a very few words—by ceasing to dissipate our energies and by unifying our powers by living for a definite purpose. If a man, engaged in business with a small capital, is wasteful and extravagant he will soon become bankrupt, but if he is economical and increases his capital he may continue until he has amassed a fortune. Rich as Jesus’ life was in all human experience, what impresses us most is the superb unity of it. “Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things, but one thing is needful.” “If the light that is in thee be single thy whole body shall be full of light.” It is so with all great lives. All

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great pictures, all great compositions, all books that are read perennially owe their charm and their power to their inward unity.

Now the method I propose to you to attain this is very simple. It is easy to remember and easy to employ, for it is based upon a principle which runs broadly through life itself. In electricity there is a positive and a negative; the one attracts and the other repels. In human life there is also a positive and a negative principle. The one frees and enlarges and the other constrains and diminishes. There are characters and thoughts that are constructive and enlarging, and there are thoughts and characters that are destructive and diminishing. In mathematics a negative quantity is something less than nothing because it diminishes the value of some other quantity.

By a positive state of mind, I understand

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a condition in which all our forces are at their highest efficiency and are working together harmoniously and peacefully. Nothing detracts—no remorse or self-contempt, no depression, irritability or anxious care. Everyone knows that when he is in this condition he is at his best. His mind is clearest and happiest. His sleep is soundest. The world looks brightest. His work is done most easily and effectively. His powers of endurance are immensely heightened, and he himself is most attractive. All men who gain ascendancy over their fellows are men of positive characters, unfettered by inhibitions, free from self-consciousness, untroubled by doubts, unweakened by warring against themselves. “Trust thyself,” said Emerson. “Every heart vibrates to that iron string.” If we do not trust ourselves, who will trust us? As a noble, almost per-

fect example of this I cite Phillips Brooks. To enter the presence of such men, is to breathe an atmosphere of peace. We leave them better and stronger than we came. But we do not really leave them; something of their victorious soul abides with us.

But there are others. There are men and women whose presence we cannot enter without a distinct lowering of our vitality. We all know persons so negative, so dominated by inhibitions, so constrained and conventional or so intolerant of all ideas except their own, that we cannot associate with them without losing something. Our ideas forsake us, our personalities diminish. In their presence we too are constrained and are unable to express ourselves. We smile and smile, but our jaws are set and our nerves and muscles grow as rigid as steel.

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I need not say that such persons, however well-intentioned they may be, are very dangerous. They are negative quantities because they take something from others. They frequently present symptoms which baffle the wisest physicians, for such a state of mind reacts on every tissue of the body, causing mysterious maladies. Unless we are strong enough to preserve with such persons our naturalness, our convictions, and what force of character we possess we should not seek them except to serve them or to save them. Much of our depression, much of the gloom and sorrow of life, springs from contact with such negative natures.

But we cannot flatter ourselves that all our sorrows and failures come from others. Which of us is innocent in this respect? Who can confidently affirm that he has shed abroad more light than darkness and that

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he has inflicted no unnecessary suffering? One of the most mysterious aspects of human nature is our willingness to endure and to inflict needless pain. It is from the heart, as Jesus said, that all evil flows. Could we escape the dark flow of causeless sorrow, could we be free from suspicion, jealousy and unreasonable anger, our inward life would be a Heaven and our outward life a blessing to all mankind.

I know that these mental states are not due, as a rule, to mere perversity and wickedness. They are part of the general curse. They are symptoms of spiritual sickness and passivity and are often aggravated by the physical weakness they induce. Yet, I take it, we do not wish to be under the dominion of the power of darkness if there is a way of escape. Let me then offer you a recommendation which already has

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helped many. In any warfare, it is important for us to recognize our enemies and to distinguish them from our friends. So I propose this test: When negative thoughts assail you, recognize them, identify them, give them a name. Do not be deceived into believing that they represent the actual conditions of your lot, or that they are necessary and normal factors of your life. They are very subtle and clever in their disguises and at first you may be deceived by them and you may fail to perceive that they are all children of one father and come from the same source, and that this source is yourself.

You think of your friends, but you derive no pleasure from thinking of them. Your mind turns to those you have loved in the past, and you wonder if you ever loved them. If so, they have changed marvel-



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ously. They are selfish, they are getting old, their bad proclivities are gaining on them. They are not what they used to be. It would be better to let them go, to depend on them no more and to expect nothing of them but disappointment and sad surprises.

All negative thoughts! Perhaps at this moment your friends are thinking of you with kindness and affection.

It may be a mere superstition, but I consider it a very dangerous thing to entertain ill thoughts of our friends. At all events I cannot remember ever to have disliked a person, no matter how careful I was to conceal my aversion, without discovering that that person detested me.

You lie awake at night thinking of your life, and it seems to you tragic in its loneliness and isolation, or it disgusts you by its dull monotony. What will the end be? No



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doubt despair. How many persons fifty years old are there, who have not killed themselves at least two or three times? Another negative thought! No life looks very bright between the hours of midnight and three o'clock in the morning when all Christians should be asleep. I have saved, I believe, several persons from suicide by exacting a promise from them that they would only commit it after breakfast.

You apprehend evil in the future. You have been reading about the War. The times are bad. The country is in the hands of the Democrats. Your business is failing. You are undone. What will become of your poor children whom you already see seeking their bread out of desolate places, or of yourself in your unprotected old age? You are so sorry for them and for yourself that you could weep. But you are not im-

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proving your business or helping your poor children by running like a squirrel in his cage all night, only to end where you began.

We think so much of providing for our old age that we grow old before our time so as not to miss what we have provided, whereas those who can make no such provision cannot afford to grow old, so they continue to work.

It is a great help, I assure you, to identify these thoughts and to assign them to their true causes, and not to ascribe them to our wives, our children, and our familiar friends. Let tangible misfortune overtake us and we discover whether they love us and surround us like a cohort of angels; or let the life we find so trying and so dreadful be taken from us and how longingly and how wistfully we look back to it. The saddest thing in hu-

## KEEPING OUR HEARTS

man life is that we do not know when we are happy.

But to find the cause of our unhappiness is to take a long step toward removing it. "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." The rest is not nearly so difficult as it seems. The only things that affect us are those to which we pay attention, and our freedom consists largely in the fact that we can direct our attention.

Substitution is always better than conscious resistance. "Resist not evil, but overcome evil with good."

Never act upon a negative impulse, by which I mean an impulse to a negative act or state, such as suicide, irritability or feelings of depression. Avoid, if possible, giving any expression to it and it will soon be discouraged and cease to trouble you. How

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often is our whole dreadful mood changed merely by going out into pleasant society or by a visit from a friend, because our attention has been diverted from ourselves. These pitiful ghosts are really very feeble. It requires only a little manly courage and patience to banish them forever.

Suppose you enter your darkened chamber at night and are confronted by some mysterious white thing which seems to menace you. You may take it for a spirit or a burglar seeking your life. But suppose, before you succumb, that you have the fortitude to turn on the light and examine it and it turns out to be your own pure garment. Will you fear it any longer?

Or suppose you come down stairs some morning and find your living room dark and gloomy. Will you take a stick and beat the darkness out, or will you take a

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broom and sweep it out, or will you merely draw the curtains and let the daylight in? That is the substance of all I have been trying to tell you. There are lights in the soul which we can light even in the night season. The light of Heaven shines on our lives from a hundred bright sources. What a pity then that we should walk in darkness and in the shadow of death.

Once, on a glorious morning in September, I climbed to the peak of one of the highest of the Rocky Mountains, and under the protection of a crag I sat looking through my glasses for Big Horn sheep. The view was wonderful beyond words, the air like crystal; but for some reason a deep valley at my feet was covered with a mass of thick enveloping fog, and I thought: "If anyone were living in that valley he would think that the whole heaven was dark and

that it would remain so indefinitely, but from where I sit I can see that this is the only cloud on the horizon and that it will soon disappear," and as I sat there it melted and vanished into the blue vault of heaven and the bright sun shone over all. So the wise look down upon the lower depths of their human nature.

Now I have finished. I have failed, as I knew I should fail (another negative thought), to write words worthy of one of the greatest themes in the world. But if I have caused a single reader to think of it and to identify one or two of the robbers of his peace, I shall not have written in vain.

"Keep thy heart with all diligence for out of it are the issues of life."

## THOUGHT AND WORK

Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues  
of life.

PROVERBS: VI, 23





## CHAPTER II

### THOUGHT AND WORK

IN the preceding pages I attempted to describe the effect of thoughts and mental states on our health and on our personal and domestic happiness. I was aware while writing that I was able to touch only one-half of the great subject I had in mind, and I therefore wish now, I hope with the reader's good will, to consider the influence of our personality and our mental states on our fortunes and our work in life.

The relation in the one case is just as real, if not quite so obvious as in the other. There is a large element of spiritual and prophetic thought in all honorable and constructive work, and the more of this ele-

## THE ISSUES OF LIFE

ment there is, the more our work interests us and benefits us. We see this most plainly in what we call the arts.—The writer, the composer, the painter, all literally turn their thoughts into concrete and enduring realities, and express their souls in books, paintings and music. The noble word poet means the Maker, the Doer. Because he was the man who dwelt most in thought, the Greeks called him preeminently the Doer, but there is a large element of thought and of art in all worthy undertakings.

Merely to be busy is not to be a business man, but to be busy to some purpose and according to some plan; and it is the spiritual side of our work, the imaginative, creative, prophetic quality of it which interests us most. Man is so constituted that he cannot sink and lose himself in material

## THOUGHT AND WORK

things, but only in his thoughts, his hopes, his plans and dreams for the future, and when these fade or are taken from him he succumbs.

The other day a missionary from Alaska told me the difference between a man and a dog. When his sledge dogs had finished a hard day's work, all they asked was a good supper. Then they would dig a hole in the snow, curl up and sleep all night, and in the morning they were fresh and eager for the trail. But he soon discovered that this simple plan did not succeed with himself or his men. However weary they were, however pressing their physical needs, they could not dispense with the ideal element of life altogether. After supper they wished to talk, to tell stories, to sing and to read aloud, and when this was omitted, they were not bright and eager in

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the morning, like the dogs, but sad and morose.

Ill-advised persons cannot understand why a man should go on working, when, as they think, there is no need of it. They ascribe this desire to love of money or to love of power. They do not see that work has become a necessity, and that ability to think and act along certain familiar lines is a man's very life. Everything else may pass away, but those famous habits remain, and when they break the man dies.

One might as well chide a poet because after having written good poems he desires to go on writing others as long as life and faculty hold out. In all real and constructive work there is this mental pleasure which we derive from the use of our higher faculties, in anticipating and supplying men's wants, in foreseeing the future, in

## THOUGHT AND WORK

controlling events, in turning ideas into gold and thoughts into concrete, useful things. Think of the imagination, the constructive thought, the profound knowledge of human weakness which created the Department Store. To touch only on the psychological side, there is the lavish employment of suggestion in the form of seductive advertisements which multiply needs by creating desires, while to complete our ruin, boundless credit is offered which causes us to consider as ours objects of which we should not dream if we had to pay cash.

From every point of view it is important that a man should find his motive and his opportunity early in life. Youth is generous and capable of all sacrifices. We give this the beautiful name of Vocation. Out in the distance, out of the unseen and the future, something is calling to him, and

claiming his loyalty and devotion. If any part of a man's life is sacred it is this part, for it is the period of his most direct communion with the unseen and it gives its bent to his whole life. When an Indian boy approaches manhood, he goes out into the wilderness alone and fasts and prays to the Great Spirit to give him some intimation of His will.

No other blessing, in my opinion, is greater than that a man early in life should hear a clear call, and should receive a definite revelation of his life work and a prophecy of the future. This gives to his life a purpose and a developing strength which never fail him. As the thought grows he grows with it. It becomes his Guardian Angel, his Savior from an empty and wasted life. All great things take place first in the mind. The world is filled

## THOUGHT AND WORK

with indescribable riches and opportunities, but they are hidden and we must seek them, for they never reveal themselves to men altogether or all at once. Deep calleth unto deep. Like attracts like, and we find the thing we seek. If we seek trouble, we shall find trouble. If we seek riches we have only to seek carefully enough and we shall find riches. And if we seek truth and noble opportunities to serve our fellow men we shall find them too.

The great advantage of concentrating ourselves upon one thing is the immense improvement of faculty it brings. We become specialists, we become clairvoyant. We see what others do not see and interpret signs too subtle for them to understand. By turning the mind in one direction and filling it with one set of thoughts, the mind soon learns to work automati-



## THE ISSUES OF LIFE

cally, and it supplies us with the ideas we require. And these thoughts rise in us with the swiftness of light, and they possess all the authority and a certain inerrant quality which belongs to spontaneous creation. Our intuitions are infallible and our judgments concerning the thing we know are seldom at fault. I know of few more painful and humiliating experiences than to be obliged to hunt for ideas. Ideas which do not hunt for us are not our own, and if we find them they have a foreign air and a hollow ring.

For the mind to work in this manner it must be free and healthful, with all its forces working harmoniously together. Suppose, in some factory in which you are interested, you have a rare and intricate machine, planned by a master mind, and capable, when in good condition, of turning



## THOUGHT AND WORK

out an abundance of precious products. Should you abuse such a machine as that, should you throw gravel-stones into its accurately adjusted cogs, or allow ignorant persons to pull and twitch its levers at their pleasure? But in your body and mind you have a more delicate and intricate machine, capable of turning out a far more admirable product than can any machine made by man's hands, which you do not treat much better. Then you wonder if it fails to render you the service you expect of it, or if it breaks down long before it is worn out.

No opportunity of business is good enough to cause us to jeopardize our health, for when our health goes our opportunity to do good work is apt to go with it. No man who is obliged to resort to alcoholic stimulants to do his work is doing his duty either

## THE ISSUES OF LIFE

by his work or by himself. Goethe, one of the most splendid examples of mental and physical power, did his work in the morning hours on cold water, and lived to old age, with no diminution of his vigor. Schiller worked at night on coffee and champagne and died young. Balzac so abused his wonderful organism that he died at fifty-one, leaving his great work unfinished. How sad a thing it is to read the titles of his unwritten books and to realize all that we have lost. It is a melancholy thing to see all round us so many splendid men crushed by their burdens, growing old prematurely and dying in middle life, and there is something wrong in this, for few of us bear heavier burdens or perform a greater volume and variety of work than Bishop Lawrence has done for years, and how easily and gracefully he bears his burdens and

## THOUGHT AND WORK

performs his tasks, always giving the impression that however great are the office and the labors, he himself is greater.

To plan important positions of trust, like the presidency of a railroad, with the definite knowledge that no man will occupy them more than a few years is a murderous thing to do, and it implies defect of organization. The brains of a great corporation cannot be also its eyes, ears, hands, safe, and errand boy. Some of these duties must be relegated to others. But that is just what some men cannot do. They must do everything themselves or they think that it will not be done. "Choose a wise messenger," said Confucius, "and let him deliver his own message." Our success in life consists not in what we do ourselves, but in what we can induce other men to do for us. Great writers and men

## THE ISSUES OF LIFE

of science place the whole human race under tribute, and handsome young clergymen seldom go on foot.

Often, in our intense preoccupation, we forget our bodies for days and weeks altogether and give them little rest, sunlight or wholesome exercise, and then we are shocked if our body sends in its indignant protest of pain or if it succumbs to some absurd disease.

Another common cause of failure in middle life is that we have forgotten how to play. Nothing but our work amuses us. The woods no longer beckon us, the waters do not allure us. Salmon may leap without causing our hearts to leap with them. Dogs and horses look into our faces with disdain and contempt, and our minds, like a bow that is always strung, lose all their elasticity. How much a man loses when he loses the

boy spirit and the boy nature, the love of fun, the love of romance and adventure. When this goes, something dies within us for which no fortune or worldly success can repay us.

And worse, perhaps, than all this is anxiety, worry, growing discontent with life. I had rather do the hardest kind of work all day than engage for ten minutes in a disagreeable conversation. Work may tire us, but worry kills us. It is noticeable that most men who grow old in great positions are men of sunny, tranquil dispositions and of simple tastes, not easily frightened and slow to anger. Men, who for the sake of their work are obliged to husband their resources, cannot afford to indulge in destructive emotions, and should avoid all unnecessary friction. Today, nominally at least, all important works are accomplished

through organization and co-operation through which personalities are multiplied and extend themselves. If this idea is consistently carried out, and there is real co-operation and harmony, all the parts of the machine running smoothly together, nothing can be better. But if wills and personalities clash, and there is conflict of purpose and divided authority, difference of opinion, criticism and discord, the result is discouragement and failure. Nothing is more helpful than a conference in which harmony prevails. Each personality strengthens and helps all the others. Every subject is illuminated from many points of view and we go away richer and stronger. But a painful discussion, a clash of wills, only confuses and weakens us.

These thoughts apply mostly to men, but I should like also to address a few words to

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women, which to some I know will sound very foolish. Men who are carrying heavy burdens make a sort of dumb, wistful appeal to the women who love them and depend on them. In reality it is they (the men) who are the suppliants and dependents, for in most respects they are only children. In the world they are strong, proud, self-contained, asking for no sympathy and receiving none, but they are all the more dependent upon the few persons whom they love and trust and from whom all their happiness really comes. I know that there are many women today who cherish the ideal of mutual independence, who believe that men and women should be independent of each other and that they must be free to develop the needs of their individual natures. They conceive of marriage largely as a matter of mutual con-



venience and advantage, whose duties, if there are any, can be lightly performed in the interval of more important engagements. Verily, they have their reward, chiefly because they do not know what they miss. Perhaps in time they will teach us the lesson and marriage will become a mere convention or a Sacrament by virtue of which we have only a communion of sorrow.

But fortunately for us there are still some women in whom the sentiments on which marriage has rested in the past are not extinguished and the sublime maternal instinct is stronger than their craving for independence, women whose glory is to protect and save and comfort and inspire those whose happiness is committed to them. They are the loved women, the indispensable women, women with whom the world begins and



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ends, and who, when they leave us, leave a void in life which can never be filled. They may or they may not shine in Society, in Art, or in Politics, but their vocation is to be contented and to teach us how to find all women in one woman.

And, lastly, the Peace of God. It may seem strange to you, fantastic, impossible, to associate the peace of God with your office, your bank, or your factory, but invite that Holy Presence to your place of business and see if more work and better work is not done there than ever before and if there is not more happiness where you are. Oliver Cromwell, Stonewall Jackson and General Lee found that it sustained them on the battlefield. Washington sought it and found it at Valley Forge. Lincoln leaned on it ever more heavily during the last years of his sad life. Jesus found it in

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Gethsemane. The peace of God is a wonderful light to the mind and a support to the heart. While it is unbroken our strength is unbroken, for then "The Eternal God is thy refuge and beneath are the everlasting arms."

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Ye shall be scattered, every man to his own, and shall leave me alone, and yet I am not alone because the Father is with me.

ST. JOHN'S GOSPEL 16:32.



## CHAPTER III

### THE LONELINESS OF THE SOUL

PERHAPS the strangest of all moral facts is the loneliness of the human soul. Suppose God had willed to make us otherwise so that we could look directly into each other's hearts, behold other spirits and read their thoughts as they arise. Life would be a totally different thing, so different that we can hardly conjecture whether it would be more beautiful or more ugly, whether we should be drawn to one another more closely, or fly from one another with horror. But this power is largely denied us. Every soul is external to every other. Every soul is for the most part a mystery to every other. We live in a house that has

only two windows, and these are carefully curtained. What is stranger than that two human beings can live together side by side for years, each ignorant of the fundamental facts of the other's consciousness? Our real life is essentially a lonely life. The soul of another is beyond our ken. We cannot see it, we cannot touch it, we cannot enter it, and how few and brief and unsatisfying its revelations are. Perhaps the deepest and most intimate knowledge we possess of some one we dearly love, the memory that will linger longest, came to us in some mute eloquent glance when for a moment we surprised the soul looking out of its clear windows. So our relations with our fellow men are baffling and unsatisfactory. Their revelations always fall short of the thing we most wish to know and how often we find ourselves longing that

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the veil of mystery might be drawn. There is something, oh! so great, just beyond our vision which we would give the world to know, and even if it should prove evil or terrifying we feel that we could bear it and forgive it if only we might know the truth; but the feeling that we may be unconsciously failing and disappointing, the sense of loneliness and isolation, our forced dependence upon inference and conjecture makes life sad and hard to bear.

No moral punishment is equal to the wretchedness of solitary confinement. Under it the strongest wills quail and the hardest hearts break. One must be a Christian able to fill the vacancy with God or a thinker of sublime thoughts to endure such torture. But that, in a modified form, is what we all have to endure, and our moral life consists largely in fashioning

ways of escape from ourselves, doors and windows into the hearts of others, and a spiritual environment in some degree corresponding to our needs. So we have need of one another and we make our timid approaches, hoping to be recognized and admitted when we knock. Sometimes we succeed; more often we fail. Sometimes we discern in another what he does not discern in himself; among the many buried, unrecognized selves that lie within us all, we perceive one that calls to us and claims us, but our claim may be rejected, or it may be accepted on totally different grounds, and in the course of a lifetime the beautiful nature which drew us so powerfully may scarcely reveal itself again.

The deepest desire of the human heart is for self-revelation and expression. It is not for nothing that the wise old Roman Catho-



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lic Church, with its profound knowledge of human nature, has built its whole practical system of training souls on the Confessional, which is only a form of self-revelation and expression. Though we do not seek that means of relief, we are always confessing, always revealing ourselves. If we suffer, our countenance, the very rhythm of our breath, expresses it; if we are happy or have experienced some good fortune, half our happiness is taken from us if we cannot share it with others. The most difficult thing to keep is a secret. The elder Mr. Morgan tried to fortify himself against this inclination by two French mottoes which he kept before his eyes on the mantel of his private library and which doubtless his son has carefully preserved. One ran: "Think much, speak little, write nothing." The other: "A secret with yourself is a

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secret with God. A secret with one soon becomes a secret with two. A secret with two is a secret with all the world."

I am often surprised and unspeakably touched by the trouble people will take, the long distances they will travel, the mortification they must undergo in order to reveal to me some event of their past lives or some act of theirs over which they have sorrowed for years and which they feel will not cease to trouble them until they have confessed it. A few years ago an old man travelled over a thousand miles to tell me that when a little boy he had stolen some grapes belonging to his sister. The little girl was ill and some one had brought her a bunch of choice grapes. While she slept he took them and when she missed them she grieved. The next day she died without giving him an opportunity to confess,

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and the unforgiven act gave him a life-long sorrow and remorse.

Thoughtless and superficial persons make merry over these griefs of the soul, but those who have felt their awful power do not make this mistake. No single fact in human life is to me more terrible than to see, as I often have to see, how evil committed long ago casts its shadow over our whole existence, or how some sad, injurious experience of childhood may darken life and reappear in a thousand fantastic forms. Many of the worst experiences of our lives might not have taken place at all had we been warned in advance, or if the fundamental facts of life and the changing mysteries of our nature had been explained to us in time. Parents naturally shrink from this. They abrogate their sacred trust and leave their children to obtain the

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knowledge to which every human being is entitled from false and impure sources, sometimes with the result of irremediable disaster, and almost always at the cost of evil and suffering to the child. The noble mysteries of life are made to appear base and ignoble. The book of life is often torn open at its darkest page; so life, too often, begins with the sense of guilt that may never pass away. If there is any time when the loneliness of the child soul should appeal to us it is at this time. If ever the young life craves guidance and enlightenment it is now. But our ancient and pre-scientific code of morals teaches us to suppress and ignore all that is most vital, most important in the life of the young, with the result that either these emotions are not suppressed but only turned into wrong channels, or they avenge themselves

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with great violence later in life. Those thoughts and feelings which we never mention, and which we endeavor to suppress even from memory, become dissociated and split off from the general stream of consciousness, and in their dark, subterranean chambers live on unlighted by reason or conscience, but they emerge later on in the form of abnormal fears and irrational ideas against which we are nearly helpless, in short, in all those perverse and foolish counsels which darken life. In the great majority of instances all this could have been avoided if instead of repression the child had found some worthy form of self-expression, in short, if it had found a wise and understanding friend.

And in the trials and perplexities of our lives how naturally we look for such help and deliverance. Who has not felt that he

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could help anyone more easily than himself? For this reason few physicians wish to treat themselves or even members of their own families. So long as we turn our troubles over in our own mind we make little progress toward solving them. Our minds are confused and we go round and round like a horse in a treadmill. But in the mere effort of stating our problem clearly to another it becomes coherent and takes form, and the tangled threads begin to unwind. Another mind which is not emotionally disturbed but can take a cool, objective view of the situation, is an enormous help. Often the mere unburdening of our heart to another brings great relief. Frequently another wise and experienced person can find a way of escape when we saw none, or he may give us fortitude to bear what must be borne. The mere knowl-

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edge that another person is thinking of us, planning for us, praying for us, gives us strength and patience to bear burdens which otherwise might crush us.

So we are constantly seeking to escape from ourselves. Though everyone of us lives in his own world and dreams his own dream, yet our souls have many secret meeting places, many oases and fresh, spring mornings. The soul most to be pitied is the most imprisoned soul, the most confined to itself and with the fewest spiritual experiences. The greatest soul is the freest soul, the soul that ranges farthest and experiences most, the soul that enters easily and by its own right into the lives of others, at whose coming all doors open and all barriers are removed. So we go forth to seek our own among the dead and the living. When we are young we prefer



the latter, but as we grow older we find great consolation in books, through which we touch many sides of life closed to our actual experience, books which give all and which ask in return only the response we cannot withhold.

The two jailers which keep us imprisoned and which bind us with chains are Fear and Hatred, and the angel of deliverance which strikes off our fetters and sets us free is Love. Is there any suffering in life greater than loneliness? How many persons there are whose lot in life is sad and wretched simply because they are lonely. Living in their own houses they are homesick. Surrounded by those who are nearest to them, they find themselves alone. They look through their barred windows and see other free and happy beings who find life wonderful and delightful. They look within



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and they are conscious of possessing good and lovable qualities. They feel that they, too, are worthy to be sought, admired and loved. But they are fearful, they are shy and negative and self-distrustful; they cannot express themselves, they cannot shine or make the necessary appeal; so they are often misunderstood and overlooked. So, while possessing real treasures of tenderness and affection they go through life finding no one on whom to bestow them, and while starving for the bread of life and the wine of love they cannot go forth to seek it, or even accept it when it is offered to them. And yet how willingly would Love place the key of deliverance in their hands, and open the door and go out with them into the beautiful world of spirits. Often these timid souls are timid because they know the value and the greatness of

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the gift they have to offer. Often those bold, audacious spirits, those men and women who are so fearfully at home in Zion, have little enough to give when they come and for that little they expect a lifetime of gratitude and devotion. Beware of a person who is always talking to you about gratitude. We pay too dearly for such favors. But how wonderful it is when a beautiful soul, with all its reserves, delicacies, modesties which are natural to it, finds a clear note of self-expression and is able to give us of its best. When such souls come it is like bringing light into a dark room. In literature they are the sincere writers who explain life to us. In poetry and music they speak to our hearts, revealing our deepest thoughts and our tenderest memories.

Such a soul was our Lord Jesus Christ.

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In regard to Himself how silent, how reticent; in regard to us how revealing, how generous, how trustful. The life of Jesus has been called a lonely life. In its restrictions, in the absence of opportunity of communion with other great and comprehending spirits, lonely it must have been. "Foxes have holes and the birds of the air nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head." But a life so full of love, a heart that lived so constantly in the sunshine of God's presence, a mind so filled with great thoughts and so at home in every domain of human nature, could not have been really lonely. But if the life of Jesus was lonely He took care that ours should not be. By revealing God as a God of love He took away the essential loneliness of this universe. He converted the unseen from an object of shuddering fear

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to an object of communion and heart's desire. By making us all children of one Father He made us all members of one family and gave us brothers and sisters not of the flesh. By making love spiritual and uniting us all in its great bond, He made it possible for every soul to escape from its own loneliness. Above all we have His companionship. That which He was to His disciples during His life He is to us all after His death. "Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world," "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." "Split the wood and thou shalt find me. Cleave the rock and I am there." And lest we should be lonely without His presence He provided a way for us to come into His presence in His sacrament. He has spread a table for us where we may sup

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with Him and He with us. Yes, the bread  
which we break is the communion of His  
body, and the wine of which we drink is  
the communion of His blood. Christ, who  
is present in so many other acts of our  
lives, is present here in a higher sense and  
as we draw near to Him He draws near to  
us. No Christian need be a lonely person,  
for Christ has opened to us a way of escape.



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And Jacob awaked out of his sleep and he said: Surely the Lord  
is in this place and I knew it not.

GENESIS 28:10.





## CHAPTER IV

### REVELATIONS

IF a being of superior intelligence should visit this earth from some other quarter of the universe the thing that would puzzle him most would be the fact of religion. There is nothing else in the world that with due thought and study he could not comprehend, but the motive and power of religion, our faith in an Unseen Power which we do not understand and very imperfectly apprehend, would completely baffle him had he not been brought under the sway of that Power himself.

He would see that man's spiritual life had begun with this thought, that his earliest thought had turned toward the unseen

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and that our oldest literature was almost entirely religious. He would perceive that the greatest and most venerated men of our race had been prophets and religious teachers, and that they had exercised an influence on the thought, conduct and affections of their fellow men to him inexplicable. He could hardly fail to notice that the noblest and most permanent buildings on earth are temples and cathedrals; that our greatest paintings, sculptures and music are either the creation of religion or dominated by the religious idea. As he read human history he would have to confess that without recognition of religious motives and ideas it was unintelligible. As he studied human conduct he would perceive that in its ideals at least it was controlled largely by religious sanctions. What would probably puzzle him most would be the fact

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that from the beginning the prevailing ideas of religion have been attacked and denied not merely by skeptics and scoffers, but by great prophets and religious founders, and that the general effect of these attacks had been not the destruction of the religious instinct, but the strengthening of it by making its conceptions simpler, more spiritual, more universal. In short, such a visitor would find the whole mighty fact of religion so inexplicable from the point of view of our earth life that he would be forced to conclude either that we belong also to another world and are influenced by another order of facts which, without seeing, we dimly apprehend and react to, or else that we are hopelessly and permanently insane, for as soon as we are delivered from one form of religion we fashion for ourselves another.

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And this thought must have occurred to many of us. Without feeling the power and motive of faith human life is a dark and gloomy riddle. Again and again we have tried to deliver ourselves from the power of these ideas, but somehow we return to them. We may have received a skeptical education, but the experience of life has caused us to doubt our doubt. We may be unspiritual by temperament, without much sense of the ideal or much conscious need of God, satisfied with life as it is, but that life has been broken up and joy or sorrow or temptation or weakness has driven us back to Him. Or we have been confronted by the mystery of death, or love has spoken to us, or we have been subjected to some great ordeal of strength and character for which our poor little negative philosophy was wholly insufficient, and we

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have found strength and peace and a new life in the great thought of God.

Of course the great mass of mankind believe in these things only because they have been taught to believe them, because others believed them before them and still believe all around them. But if that were all, if the soul had no immediate access to the source of its life, if the door of the spiritual world never opened, and gave us no direct and marvellous experience of our own, religion long ago would have withered and it would possess about as much life as a burned-out match or a bunch of dried flowers.

The truth seems to be that this unseen world is all around us, and opens often to receive us. Sometimes the walls which separate it from us grow so thin that we can see through them, and these moments

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of vision are invariably the great moments of life to which the years owe their light, their strength, their meaning.

Let us then consider some of these experiences, and first I will speak of the revelation which often comes to youth and which came to my own youth. I had been brought up as most of our children are brought up. I had a believing father and mother. I had been confirmed and had gone to church and Sunday school, but none of these things had had any conscious effect upon my spiritual life. I regarded them as most of our children do, as a burden to which, for some reason, I had to submit. As a young child I remember lying on the grass and looking up into the clouds and fancying that I saw God there, who closely resembled my father—only more venerable and with a longer beard. I had said my prayers, though I

had never really prayed, and the only realization of God I had was through my sins when my conscience troubled me, and I believed that God was angry with me, and that I had injured One who I had been taught to believe was my friend. Suddenly, through motives I would give the world to recall, but as to which I am wholly ignorant, I began to find prayer sweet. I wished to pray a great deal, and as I prayed I passed into an entirely new state of feeling. I felt God to be near me, and that a wonderful new opportunity had been granted to me, and that if I were faithful to it, it would result in my everlasting good. At this time I was about sixteen years old, and through circumstances I need not relate, I was doing hard work in the freight department of the New York Central Railroad. That freight office was a strange



place for a revelation of God to come to a boy, as most of my companions seemed to be wholly godless. Yet it came, and I saw as in a flash of lightning the infinite and eternal world of the spirit, and also at that moment that this world was open to me. It revealed itself as a world of thought, of knowledge, of spiritual understanding and power. Every door to that world appeared to be locked. The wall that bound me into a narrow life of toil seemed adamant, yet I never doubted that it would dissolve, and as I approached the confines they ever receded to let me pass. As I look back I see that those days and weeks were the most important of my life, because they wrought my deliverance and set me on the path I have pursued ever since. I have heard many similar stories, and I believe that such experiences are not uncommon. In



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some inner light cast by the spiritual world upon our souls we see ourselves and the future and recognize capacities and possibilities of which we were not aware. Nor is this a mere self-revelation. The self-revelation comes through a vision of God. God shows us Himself and makes a promise to us as He did to Jacob, which, if we are faithful to Him, He will faithfully keep and perform. The difficulties which surround us are only tests to our faith and exercises to give us our first strength. Henceforth with all our sins and weaknesses, life becomes more potent, more sacred, more concentrated. We think we know our children and we imagine that they tell us what is going on in their minds, but when I remember how jealously I guarded my secret and the astonishment of my family when they saw me depart

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with scarcely twenty dollars in my pocket in search of the best education this country could give me, I doubt it, and I realize that if God should speak to one of my children I should not know it.

Love is another revelation of the spiritual world. I am not thinking now of mercenary love or of calculating love or of artificial love, but of true love. One would suppose that in taking this step man would have need of all his faculties, but it is not a conscious step that we take. We describe it ourselves as falling—only we fall upward. One would think that in forming this, the most important and intimate relation we shall ever form, man would approach the decisive moment with his eyes wide open, and that he would at least carefully scrutinize the character and capacity of the person into whose hands he purposed to com-

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mit his life's happiness. On the contrary, the experience of the whole world proclaims that love is blind, and it profoundly distrusts all scales and measuring sticks. The only scales are those which cover Love's eyes, and the philosophers from Plato to Schopenhauer undertake to prove to us that love acts without much help from our intelligence. Just at the time when we seem to have the greatest need of common-sense it is extinguished and we believe and hope the most extraordinary things, asking of life more than it can ever give us. Some higher power takes us into its keeping, investing every common event with infinite meaning, guiding us by mysterious signs through intuitions which rise with the swift-ness of light from the obscure depths of our unconsciousness. So we dwell in that magical garden where everything is mys-

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terious and infinite, and we enter that paradise of the ideal which poor man is too weak and too impure to make his permanent home.

Here we touch on the greatest of all themes, awakening a thousand questions to which we can give no answer. In the mystery of love man touches the divine, and though we are too weak in creative thought and feeling to maintain ourselves on these heights, and though the breath of that incomparable springtide passes and its blossoms fall and wither, leaving us what fruit has been ripened and our mild, autumnal sunshine, yet our eyes have beheld the mystery and we have seen one of the creative acts of God.

Another contact with the spiritual world comes in the miracle of purification—and renewal we call conversion, a word which

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religion has vulgarized but which psychology has reinvested with dignity. If God's hand is ever visible it is in the release of the prisoner and in turning a man from evil to good, the greatest sight which God from His Heaven beholds on this earth. Because this comes as a personal revelation, the breaking of a new light on the soul, the creation of new powers or the release of powers long chained, it cannot be described by another. Nay, it cannot be told at all. Paul in his own writings is strangely reticent as to his own conversion. His only description is this: "Am I not an Apostle? Have I not seen the Lord?" William James has thrown some light upon the subject, but only Augustine, with his touching eloquence and his wonderful psychological insight, has been able to describe it. Almost always in deep and permanent

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conversion, a man has been held in the grip of some evil passion or habit against which he has vainly struggled. The struggle seems necessary to prepare the soul for what is coming, but in itself it is never successful. Beaten and discouraged, the man ceases to struggle—he feels himself bound hand and foot and lost; his mind has become saturated with evil; his appetites control him absolutely; duty and the appeal of affection apparently have no power over him; his will is paralyzed by long defeat; his will is putty and his habits are iron; apparently there is no hope of escape, and then escape comes. It comes in the form of a sudden perception that what he regarded as impossible is possible. A hand is stretched out to him which if he grasps is able to lift him up and set him free. This may be, as with Augustine, a direct

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transaction between his soul and God, or it may come, as it more often does, through the interposition of some believer in God. But however it comes it is a purely personal experience. We cannot compel it, we cannot anticipate it, we cannot even describe it. Suddenly a man perceives that what he judged to be impossible is possible, that what he could not do for himself God can do for him. And as soon as he feels it to be possible it becomes possible. Snares are easily avoided, sirens are seen to be sirens, insolvable problems are solved. Enthralling habits fall off like broken chains and a new life begins. It is evident that something of everlasting importance has occurred. Something has died within him, something has been born: it is the old man, the slave of sin, who has died; it is the new man in the image of Jesus Christ who is born.



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The marvel of this deliverance is the ease and swiftness with which it is accomplished. It is like one of the miracles of Jesus, not one of our toilful processes. It is exactly as if some higher power touched us, doing for us what we could not do for ourselves. I do not believe that all men are capable of this experience or that it ought to be proposed as a normal test of the Christian life. What makes persons who have undergone this experience so great is that, saved themselves, their first thought is to save others. There seem to be but two conditions exacted from us—the desire to escape and complete surrender in the sense of holding nothing back. God's work is absolutely genuine and it requires absolute honesty on our part. And though we have had no such marvellous experience as this, we know how often God has spoken to our



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conscience, convicting us of sin and offering us a way of escape.

God's last revelation to man is death. It is around the great fact of death that our deepest religious thought and life have grown up. Other revelations are special and personal. This great experience comes to all. What is it? To all appearances it is the end of everything. Life ceases, motion ceases. In a short time the body itself ceases to be. Everything ceases except memory and love. It is exactly as if man had ceased to be. And yet that is not what the vast majority of our race, the greatest of our race, have believed concerning it. They believe that at death the soul passes into the unseen and begins its higher spiritual life. No longer is it bound to the body, suffering its weariness and ills, no longer does it go wearily and

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painfully up and down on heavy feet of flesh, but it passes like thought on the light wings of the spirit. No other belief has affected mankind so deeply as this belief, for it changes our whole estimate of ourselves and the perspective of human life and it is an eternal provocation to righteousness. It rests upon many motives, man's longing for life, his shuddering before extinction, his faith in the goodness of God and the eternity of love, the purposelessness of this weary world process if it produces nothing that endures. It rests on the resurrection of Christ and on many well-authenticated appearances of the dead to the living, and of late on the possibility of definite and convincing proof. No other question will ever arise as important as the question of our own immortality. No one consciously approaches death or sees a loved one ap-

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proach it without feeling its solemn significance. No previous age has believed in it so firmly or on such good grounds. Here again at our last moment we are brought face to face with the spiritual world and we stretch forth longing and supplicating arms into the unseen.

So through all our life this world presses on us. Some are more sensitive to it than others and seem to be nearer to it. Sometimes it is nearer to us. Sometimes God frequently speaks to us, then for years He is silent. At first we may doubt its reality, but the experience of life opens to us many a door which leads into the presence of God. Youth, love, joy, sin, sorrow, death, all speak of Him, and as we grow older the unseen world which has opened so often to receive our dear ones becomes more and more our home, a home in which we shall

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soon dwell, and where many whom we have known and loved well are waiting and watching for us.

“For the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are unseen are eternal.”

## ONCE BORN MEN

Behold the lilies of the field how they grow.

ST. MATTHEW 6:28.



## CHAPTER V

### ONCE BORN MEN

LET us consider now the religion of the happy and the normal and thank God there are such persons in the world. There are souls which, as in Jesus' parable, grow up like the lilies of the field. Their religion is the religion of the healthy-minded. It is largely a religion of joy which they diffuse around them. The fundamental note of such characters is concord; there is peace between will and conscience and from the outset their lives tend to unite them with the divine. They love God but it does not occur to them to fear Him. Such lives are seldom stained by great vices or convulsed by great passions. Men and women so

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protected and blessed by sunshine and happiness seem to escape most of the dark tragedies of this life. Storms of sorrow may break on them but cannot submerge them. Evil days may come but they pass and the sun in Heaven shines again.

This is the type of Christian character most commonly produced by the noble educational system of the Episcopal Church, and there is no fairer type. Calm, tranquil, devout, sanguine, helpful to their fellow men, good fathers, good mothers, good friends and neighbors, these are they whom Jesus described as the salt of the earth, as a candle upon its candlestick. Such persons merely by their existence brighten up this world like the moon rising from behind a dark cloud. Their course through life is a development and a progress. They go



from strength to strength. They are capable of much but there is one experience in life of which they are not capable—that is a sudden mighty change which shall shake life to its foundations and cause it to begin again. Sure as they are of the foundations on which they have built, they do not feel the need of this renewal and they are incapable of undergoing it. Their life must be a growth. Why then should we ask of them an experience which they are unable to undergo and of which they do not feel the need? Let us rather rejoice that there are just persons among us who need no repentance. I believe that God has two families of children on this earth, the once born and the twice born; those who find life good and who receive the Kingdom of Heaven only as a greater good, and those who find life evil and who attain the divine life

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only by some great act of deliverance. It is of the once born that I am thinking now.

What have I to say to such persons? In the first place I wish to express my admiration for them and my sympathy with them. I desire to increase and deepen their happiness, not to diminish it. Man naturally desires joy because joy is good for him. The religion of Christ, no matter how sadly it has been perverted at times, sanctions and commands a happy life. "Thy Saviour sentenced joy." Christ came to increase our happiness, not to take it away. God's face is set eternally in the direction of the highest of all His creatures. People used to say "Be good and you will be happy." Now they say "Be happy and you will be good." In spite of all the evil that has been spoken of it, happiness turns out to be the chief corner stone rejected by

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the builders. But if we would build safely on this foundation stone we must place it on its broad side, otherwise it has a way of toppling over and killing the workmen. We must seek our happiness in those things which can really make us happy, in the love of God which is followed by no remorse and no sting. We must not seek our happiness alone, for we can find our happiness only in others. We must not purchase our happiness at the price of another's unhappiness, for in so doing we become the enemies of God who desires the happiness of all. If we would preserve our happiness we must have something within us to fortify us against unhappiness. This is the chief thing and this, I need hardly say, no lot in life can assure to us. When I say this I am not thinking merely of the transitory character of all earthly pleasures or how soon

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these come to an end and are swept away. I am not thinking of the unusual and ideal combination of circumstances necessary to give us one perfect hour, or of the sadness of looking back to that which has been taken from us. I am thinking of this: that all happiness which is worth the name is an inward and spiritual thing, and because it is a thing of the soul it must obey the law of the soul: and the law of the soul is activity, service, employment, not mere receptivity and passive enjoyment. If man held his happiness merely at the mercy of external things and circumstances, what a miserable being he would be. As it is, perhaps the noblest fact in regard to human nature is that we can be happy in any lot in life which enables us to be useful and to serve God. He who feels his own personality expanding and growing, he who feels

himself growing calmer, stronger, purer, more at peace within, his enemies weaker, his friends stronger, his opportunity for service growing greater, his relations with God deeper and more constant, is on the way to all happiness, to all joy. That is the only happiness I will recognise as the highest, and that is the only life I covet. The only man I envy is the man who is leading a better life than I am able to lead and who is doing more good than I am able to do. Every step toward perfection is a step toward happiness.

How then are we normal, healthy-minded people to obtain that better life? In the first place, let us believe it is possible, that what God has done for so many others He can also do for us. If we set out with the expectation of being beaten, we shall be beaten, but a courageous heart can ac-

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comply almost anything. The memory of Paul Jones has been worth more to this country than its millionaires. The man in his little sinking "Bonhomme Richard" beset by the enemy, bombarded by his friends (Oh, that our friends at least would spare us their fire!) who, when summoned to surrender, cried out, "I have not yet begun to fight!" not only gained his victory but has helped thousands of other men to gain theirs. When we think of laying aside every weight and of running the straight course, our sins, our infirmities of temper, our habits, our fears and the ten thousand weaknesses of the flesh loom up and seem so great and formidable that we are afraid to attack them. We fear them because we do not know our own power, because we do not realise that He that is for us is mightier than they that are against us. But if we

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begin the struggle courageously and are vigilant, at first we shall wonder at our own success and at the ease with which it was accomplished. I have heard hundreds of persons say this.

Secondly, if we would succeed we must have a positive force greater than our own weak efforts within us. Suppose a great dam of obstruction, of fear, weakness, sin, inhibitions of every kind, has formed across your life, blocking its course, robbing it of its energy and converting it into a pestilential swamp. Theoretically there are three ways by which that obstruction may be removed: we may tear it down with our hands, we may dynamite it, or we may raise the level of the stream so high that it will sweep the obstacle away. God deliver me from trying to tear down such an obstruction with my naked hands. Of the



dynamiting I shall write in the next chapter. Here let me describe Christ's method of sweeping the obstacle away by increasing the energy behind it. "Resist not evil," said Jesus; to which Paul added, "Overcome evil with good." We can never perform this task by mere negative virtue, by being vigilant and strict with ourselves. Our zeal will flag, our vigilance will go to sleep. The task to be performed is positive. The strong man who is in possession of our palace is armed. Only a stronger than he can expel him. If we can get the calm, peaceful presence of God into our hearts, the worst enemies of our happiness, fear and anger, will disappear. The human mind is so constituted that it cannot entertain two opposing thoughts or feel two contrary emotions at the same time. If we have love in our hearts we shall not



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know either fear or anger. "Perfect love casteth out fear, for fear hath torment." When there is love there is God, and where there is God there is neither fear nor anger, and rid of these we shall not have to look far for happiness.

Of all things in the world what is so loathsome as fear?—fear of man, fear of public opinion, fear of difficult duty, fear of myself, fear of life, fear of death,—how far will it drive me into cowardice and base compliance? How greatly will it trouble me? What grotesque forms will it assume? What absurdity will it make me guilty of? It is not the things that I have done and suffered that make me most ashamed and have left their scars upon my heart, but the things that I have been afraid of and have not dared to do. I like to think of Dr. Grenfell afloat on the broken ice, calmly

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reviewing the chances of death and saving himself when a fearful man would have perished, and then erecting a monument to the faithful dog who died that he might live.

The other great enemy of our peace is anger, and it is hard to say which is the greater. Fear tyrannizes over us and makes us odious to ourselves, while anger tyrannizes over others and makes us odious to them. We are very contemptuous of the person who falls by reason of the weakness of the flesh and the power of the senses, but how about the angry and cruel man? I believe it would not be an exaggeration to say that half the sorrow of this world is caused by harshness, severity, anger and cruelty. How many lives are embittered by them! How many homes are ruined by them! How many men are hated for them!

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My father once told me that from the time he was twenty-five years old he had never been very angry. Nothing that he ever said to me made such an impression on my mind or gave me such a desire to be good. Seven years ago about a hundred persons, including myself, tried the experiment of keeping our temper and of not allowing a disagreeable expression to appear on our faces for one week. I never passed so profitable a week and from that time life became happier. The effect of anger is injurious not merely to others. Its effect on us is overpowering because it breaks down our patience and our love and banishes God from our hearts. The most horrible spectacle in the world is the convulsed and pallid countenance of a very angry man, and a crime inspired by hatred affects us more painfully than a catastrophe or the

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eruption of a volcano. A man may feel a noble indignation and not lose his greatness of soul and his sense of God's presence. But he cannot be petulant, he cannot be irritable, he cannot be cruel without loss of the divine. When the spirit of anger enters a man the Spirit of God goes out of him and he is left exposed to every other temptation; and, on the other hand, I do not believe there is a greater aid to all virtue than a calm, patient and quiet spirit. "Blessed are the peacemakers for they shall be called the children of God." One tranquil, peaceful person can spread an atmosphere of peace and courage over an entire house. The time is come when we ought to think more seriously of the cultivation of such a spirit. Its advantages are so obvious and so incalculable to our peace, our health, our longevity and

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efficiency, and it can be acquired so easily that we ought to be willing to spend a little of our time and effort in acquiring a disposition on which all our happiness and the happiness of those dearest to us depend. A little faith, a little courage, a little watchfulness and frequent communion with God, and the battle will be won. More than one man has told me during the past year that in his busy office or bank or warehouse he often finds himself praying almost unconsciously for the help and strength he needs, and that his prayers have been heard and the needed strength has been given. If we could only fix our minds on good and ignore the evil, how much happier should we be. We might have to abandon our philosophy of evil, but, as William James says, what is that in comparison with gaining a life of goodness?



## TWICE BORN MEN

Except a man be born again he cannot see the Kingdom of  
God. St. JOHN 3:3.





## CHAPTER VI

### TWICE BORN MEN

IN our last chapter we considered the religion of the happy and the healthy-minded, those whom Francis Newman called Once Born Men. What characterizes these persons on the whole is the unity of their inward life. They are able to trust themselves. They know what they want and they get it. Their will in the main is in harmony with their conscience, the light that is in them is single. Their progress through life is a growth and a development, the changes that take place in them are gradual changes. They go from strength to strength, so, on the whole, they are happy and optimistic. They find life good, and if a second life

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were to be offered them on this earth many of them would accept it.

But such souls form only a portion of the human family, and I believe not the larger portion. My experience during the past ten years has taught me one thing,—that people are not what they seem; that life is a far more tragic and terrible thing than I had formerly supposed; that underneath its fair surface are fearful depths of sorrow, remorse, temptation, terror and disgust of life of which men do not ordinarily speak. Even in those happy lives come failures, losses, blank misgivings, unexpected revelations of evil, a sense of the suffering of the world which seems to mock at all their philosophy. The philosophy of simply fixing our minds in the good and of denying or ignoring evil, as James says, is a splendid philosophy as long as it will work. But

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there are times when it breaks down, and there are men for whom it will not work at all. Job would have found it difficult to apply when he sat with his potsherd on the ashes, covered with elephantiasis. Ecclesiastes and Omar Khayyam would have mocked at it, James Thomson would have railed at it. What such men need is redemption, not merely to escape from a certain lot in life, but to escape from themselves and find a new self. Before they can be happy something that is tormenting them must die and a better self must be born and must assume such full control that the dark, melancholy, mocking self can no more lift its head. Among the great saints of God, Paul seems to have been such a man, for he cried out: "Wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" Augustine with his fierce

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temptations and his long struggles which culminated in his mighty conversion, belongs to this family of God's children. Martin Luther, with all the robustness of his nature, belongs to it. In modern times there is poor, patient John Bunyan, who for years heard the Devil whispering to him, "Sell Christ for this, sell Him, sell Him!" and who steadfastly replied, "I will not, I will not," until one day in desperation He cried out, "Very well, let Him go if he wishes to"—only to plunge into deeper despair. There is Abraham Lincoln, whose mysterious sorrows and struggles in his early manhood engraved themselves on his marvellous face and gave to his gentle mind its tinge of divine melancholy. There is Count Tolstoy, who for years before his conversion thought only of self-destruction, and there are millions of others whose secret

sorrows and struggles have found no chronicler.

What distinguishes the character of Twice Born Men is not unity but duality. A profound cleft seems to run to the very depth of their being, and by that I do not mean the mere duality of flesh and spirit which is in us all but a duality which seems to tear their souls in two. As Goethe said of himself, "There is too much of me. I have material in me for a good man and a rogue." They are conscious of being drawn in opposite directions as St. Paul was when he said, "The good that I would I do not, but the evil that I would not that I do." They feel so differently at different times that they seem to be different persons, at one moment carried away by high thoughts and noble purposes, at another sunk in the slough of sin and des-

pondency. The healthy-minded are not greatly troubled by their sins. They are content to regard them as vestigia,—as the remaining weakness of a mortal nature for which they feel little responsibility and from which they confidently hope to escape. To them repentance is the glad assurance of God's forgiveness, coupled with the sincere intention to lead a better life, and victory is a series of gradual approximations. To the unhealthy-minded, however, their sins are no vestigia. They know them too well to call them by Latin names. Sin is the dread reality of their lives, the thing they are most afraid of. They feel its power and they know that they are powerless to resist it. They look back and see how evil committed long ago has cast its gloom and bondage over their existence. "What they desire is liberty,—a life not correlated with

death, a happiness which this world cannot give them, a peace which does not depend on fluctuating events but upon a kind of good that will not perish" (William James). It is as if two abysses, the abyss that destroys and the abyss that saves, were struggling within them. A woman once said to me, "Who could guess that the mind has so many doors which open directly into Hell?"

Now let me try to describe the conditions of their deliverance. In all these Twice Born children of the Father we see the same characteristics, duality and discord. Two wills, almost two personalities, are struggling within them. The problem is not how to improve and strengthen a disposition that is essentially good, but to uproot and destroy a disposition that is essentially evil. This can be done in two ways.



It can be done by the kind of work we are habitually doing, by the analysis of a life's experience, by clear knowledge and recognition of the tendencies to be opposed, by prayer, by suggestion, by moral and spiritual re-education, and by an appeal to the better nature. I believe in this method, which, if slow and imperfect, is applicable to almost all and which frequently produces admirable and permanent results. But I am aware that there is another method which God reserves to Himself, and in which He needs no human agent or helper, though He often deigns to make use of one; that is the method which the Moravians and the Wesleys made so famous, upon which the Methodist Church was built and which we know as religious conversion. We, in the Episcopal Church, have almost lost sight of this great source of renewal and



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power, but we are beginning to realize its importance, through the testimony of psychologists and disinterested men of science, as one of the most valuable means of improving human life. We have proved what can be accomplished for the unhappy and the evil by the slow methods of psychotherapy, but apparently greater and quite as permanent changes can be effected in men, sometimes in a single day, by the direct power of the Spirit of God. What appears to take place in such great moments is the very thing for which we pray over our candidates in the baptismal office,—“that the old Adam may be so buried that the new man may be raised up in them,” and this is just what happens. As the result of some mighty emotion, or the outstretched hand of God, the lower self with its passions and its appetites simply ceases

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to exist or receives its death blow, and the higher self, no longer crushed and bound down, marvellously escapes and, once liberated, it, and it alone, assumes control. It is the profound and permanent integration of a mind heretofore dissociated. Henceforth the light that is in us is single and our life begins again.

This great change seems never to come as the effect of conscious effort, but subconsciously as the result of absolute surrender, of giving up our life into the hands of God and simply trusting Him. We may carry our struggle up to the point of failure and discouragement; then God intervenes and the thing is done. It is as if there were some beautiful thing within our soul waiting to be born which our coarse hand would only mar and kill; God breathes upon it and it springs into life. Paul was alto-

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gether right in declaring that our new birth must be preceded by a death, and I have heard more than a hundred persons independently declare the same. "I am conscious that something has died within me and that something has been born in me." The old sense of being drawn in two directions has ceased. The Twice Born Man is almost dangerously simple. He has found the one thing needful, the Kingdom of God and His righteousness. He knows that he has died once to his great gain, and for him death has no further terrors. Apparently this door is not open to all and it cannot be forced by any,—the wind bloweth where it listeth—but through it have passed some of the greatest, noblest, most conquering men and women that the Kingdom of God possesses.



## THE VICTORY OF FAITH

This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.

I. JOHN 6:5



## CHAPTER VII

### THE VICTORY OF FAITH

WE are living today at the beginning of one of the most interesting religious movements which has ever taken place. Those of us who are over forty years old must recognise the change which has gradually passed over the spirit of our dream. Every century is confronted with its own problems, it undertakes its own peculiar tasks and it leaves the stamp of its individual genius; but as we watch the restless movement of humanity we are struck by the strange fact that its progress never continues far along one line. Long before the problems are solved or the tasks performed there is an insensible shifting of scenes and a change in

the center of interest. Just at the point where novelty begins to wear off and the new knowledge is in danger of becoming commonplace, new mysteries begin to loom and a new movement begins. Twenty years ago many of the learned began to feel that the great work of science was done and that all that was left for future generations was to fill in the chinks. No one complains of this today.

The Eighteenth Century was grandly, crudely rationalistic. It was ignorant of history and it cared nothing for the past. Rejoicing in its newly found liberty, it thought that it could overcome the world by explaining it. It sought to rationalise everything. The plainer a truth was the truer it was. Everything must be judged by the clear light of reason. It feared and hated the profound and the obscure. Its



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legitimate descendant in the modern world is Unitarianism. It was a great century but its attempt to take the world by storm broke down at two points:

1. The world, and especially human nature, proved to be more mysterious than it imagined.

2. It was attempting to explain an old world without knowledge of its history, and without this knowledge the simplest organic form was beyond its power of explanation. A dog, a house fly was to it a miracle—the very thing it wished most to avoid.

Accordingly these problems were bequeathed to the Nineteenth Century. The Nineteenth Century loyally took them up and from its treatment of them it derives its chief glory. The two great achievements of the Nineteenth Century were the dis-

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covery of man's past history on earth, his ancient writings, his lost civilisations, his religious beliefs; and the explanation of plant and animal forms by bringing them under some general law of development. The value of these great conceptions can never pass away. For the first time man gained a vision of himself in the light of his history; for the first time he was able to detach himself from the single moment of his earthly present and to follow the course of development of the world in time, grasping to some extent the infinite variety of Nature by laws and principles imposed by the mind. Every conception was judged in the light of its history, every higher was explained by a lower. "Could we have a perfect knowledge," said Renan, "of all that man has done and thought and striven for in the past, our wisdom would be perfect."

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But again, long before all the problems brought to light by these great tendencies were solved, we who are now alive have experienced another great shifting of attention. Man, who in this great world process seemed to become so small, is again beginning to occupy the center of the stage. The material is receding, the spiritual is advancing. If anyone had told Huxley that in another generation scientific men would spend their time in interpreting the dreams of other persons, in what choice terms would he have expressed his contemptuous denial. At present it is not the rational faculties of the soul which most absorb us but its spiritual faculties, its emotional and instinctive powers. Mystery, which seemed to be banished from the universe, is returning, not in the form of superstition nor in the name of an external

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supernatural authority, but as the result of our own observation and experience. Powers have been discovered capable of increasing the effectiveness of human life; light has been thrown on many dark places of the human heart; and with this new knowledge dimly emerges the perception of a spiritual world order which claims us, exalts us, and corresponds to us; a fairer, purer life of the spirit which we may win, a consciousness of a life beyond death which is beginning really to influence us.

What makes this movement so interesting and important is that it is not a movement of the schools nor yet of the churches, but one of the obscure movements of the human soul, which fashions its own instruments, utters its own message and spreads by its own vitality. "The Lord gave the word: great was the company of

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the preachers." It has been recognised and described by many of the great leaders of thought, I think particularly of Bergson and William James, but they have dealt with it not as leaders, but as followers recording and interpreting what other men have done and experienced.

Faith has never had justice done to it; probably it will never be adequately described. The more we feel its power the less we can describe it in words. No one ever knew the power of faith as Christ knew it, but He did not try to tell us what it is. Formerly faith was judged solely in the light of its evidence and its object, as rational or irrational. It has sometimes been regarded almost as an infirmity of the human mind, a substitute for knowledge or a kind of imperfect, incomplete knowledge. Now we are beginning to consider

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faith as a spiritual state and to judge its value by its effect on ourselves. And we see that faith divines the future, sees the invisible, unites our powers, reconciles us to life by showing us its deeper meaning, induces us to sacrifice the present to the future and to work for distant ends, hopes on to the grave, and beside the grave raises its symbol of hope. In short, it is that element in life which gives it energy and power by uniting it to the Infinite.

Psychically, the opposite to faith is fear, and judged in the light of their effects on the soul there is no comparison between faith and unbelief. It is faith always which leads to great results, and unbelief which is a synonym for helplessness because it is a purely negative thing. Even those great men who have been called skeptics did not accomplish what they have done for the

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world by unbelief. They had a faith of their own which sustained them, and it is not their negative utterances which have gained for them the gratitude of mankind, but their final affirmations. Even Renan, their most perfect spokesman, rarely concluded a chapter without a little homily or sermon. His criticism of the New Testament is now known to be mostly wrong, his air of condescension in dealing with the life of Jesus betrays youth and bad taste, but his spiritual aspirations will never cease to charm mankind.

In saying this I do not wish to imply that the object of faith is a matter of no importance. I believe it to be of everlasting importance, for we gradually grow into the thing that we believe in. Faith often cures the sick. A man may be cured of a serious malady by faith in a fetish, but I should



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expect no new and higher life to follow such a recovery, and, its nature once discovered, its power over him would be at an end.

But I will not apologize for faith as if it were the resort of ignorance and the solace of weak minds; it is the only condition of mind which can produce great things. In performing the most difficult task which I or any other man can undertake, in attempting to break the habits of a lifetime and causing life to begin again, I have often had occasion to observe the power of faith. Not until a man feels the coming change to be possible does it become possible. A teacher or a physician may exhaust himself in setting before another all rational considerations; he may point out to his pupil or his patient how the latter is injuring himself, how he is working against his own interest and wrecking his



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own life and the lives of those he loves best; he may describe in graphic language how much better a clean, sober, self-respecting life is than an idle, drunken, dissolute life. Alas, the poor sinner knows this better than we can tell him, but what makes and keeps him a sinner is the fact that such knowledge gives him no power to resist his appetites. Who that knows human life is not aware that a man under the power of strong desire is irrational, and that he will face inevitable and terrible consequences with the perfect consciousness that they are inevitable? It is not rational considerations which move such men. It is words God sometimes puts into our mouths which cut like razors. It is the stirring of the divine man ready to burst his bonds and come forth. It is the first timid faith in a Power that is able to release us, the perception of the pos-

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sibility of a new life which brings deliverance. It is a new affection which enters his heart with all its cleansing power. So the battle is begun which is won almost always so much more easily than we expect. So it is won if it is won at all.

In some sense this is the experience of us all. The hard periods of our lives are almost always the great periods because they require faith and release our great qualities. At such moments of vision or under the stress of great danger, emergency or responsibility, the soul becomes like adamant. We forget ourselves, we rise above ourselves and draw our power from a higher source, unmindful of pain or discouragement, insensible of fatigue. At such times in our lives we amass a moral capital on which we can freely draw for the rest of life. At such times our souls go forth most

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freely in search of God, and the more deeply we need Him the more earnestly we seek. Hence it comes to pass that the sufferings of our life, its overturnings and disappointments, all those things which seem likely to destroy our faith, commonly destroy our doubts and make our faith perfect. From henceforth we say, "I know Him on whom I have believed."

The period of Germany's deepest trial and humiliation when the Fatherland lay crushed beneath the iron heel of Napoleon was the period of great poetry and noble thought, of optimistic hope and stirrings after liberty and God, in short the period of all the greatest names and forces in German history. It was not until her ambition was realised and her coffers filled with French gold that the period of materialism and pessimism and the iron age began.

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We naïvely think to overcome the world by exploiting it and adapting ourselves to it, satisfying and slaking every desire, and we fall into the old morass of pessimism, satiety and disillusion, though the thousands of men who have tried the experiment before us warn us that happiness is not to be found in this way. Happiness comes to us in great tasks and in the employment of noble faculties. Happiness is found in forgetting ourselves and in serving the common good, happiness consists in activity, in spiritual growth, in every step which man takes toward perfection. Happiness is the more found the less it is sought. Man is too noble a being to find satisfaction in passive enjoyment, and the belief that we can do so is one of the strangest illusions of our nature.

Consider how God schools a man whom he would use for some mighty purpose.

If Abraham Lincoln had grown up in the Back Bay and had gone to one of our select schools, to dancing school and to Harvard University, he would still have been a great man, but he would have lacked the utter simplicity which set him apart from other men. He would have known more about many things but he would not have possessed that unerring knowledge of men for which no chairs are endowed in our universities, for the reason that no professors can be found to fill them. When God raises up a man for Himself He undertakes his education and He makes the necessary revelation. Destitute of religious guidance and illumination as Lincoln's youth seems to have been, naturally as his great mind turned from the crude forms of religion which were presented to him, yet as the crushing burden of a divine vocation

weighed on him, as his strength flagged and his weary way grew darker, the need of divine guidance and divine support grew more pressing and he leaned more heavily upon God, he sought His help more constantly and his great mind grew more mystical. We mourn Lincoln's untimely fate, but perhaps God felt that he had suffered enough and took him to his great reward. How incomprehensible such a life would be did we believe that death ended it. This is not because we regard life as an evil for which we need a reward, nor because life does not give us noble opportunities to find ourselves and to serve God, but because we cannot believe that God who created such a life would destroy it.

For myself I cannot find words to express how utterly I believe in another life. When I see men apparently untouched by that

thought and living exactly as they would live were this their only life, I feel as if I were looking into a mirror and caught no reflection of my own countenance. I believe the next step in God's education of the human race is to be such a clear and convincing revelation of the life to come as to end doubt. Should we become convinced of this fact we should put a new estimate on ourselves and on the purpose of life. Often we read that to those going to almost certain death, to men in the act of drowning, to soldiers facing doom there comes a sudden revelation of themselves, a vision of the whole of life in a moment of time. That may be because at such an instant the soul has turned away from life and from the expectation of life and sees itself as the dead see themselves, revealed, unclothed, complete.



## THE ISSUES OF LIFE

“Thou hast lived in pain and woe,  
Thou hast lived in grief and fear.  
Now thine heart can dread no blow,  
Now thine eye can shed no tear.  
Storms about us beat and rave:  
Thou art tranquil in the grave.

Thou for long, long years hast borne,  
Bleeding through life's wilderness,  
Heavy loss and wounding scorn.  
Now thine heart is burdenless.  
Vainly rest for ours we crave:  
Thine is quiet in the grave.

We must toil with pain and care,  
We must front tremendous fate,  
We must fight with dark despair:  
Thou dost dwell in solemn state,  
Couched, triumphant, calm and brave  
In the ever holy grave.”

JAMES THOMSON.



## OUR SPIRITUAL FACULTIES

As many as are led by the Spirit of God they are the sons of  
God.

ROMANS 8:14.



## CHAPTER VIII

### OUR SPIRITUAL FACULTIES

WE are living today in an age of revelation. That which former generations of men looked forward to we are enjoying. God, who in former ages seemed so far off, in these last days has drawn very near. God, who for ages appeared to hide His face and who seemed to have made all His revelations in the past, is again showing us His face and is making new revelations. As has happened so often in the past, the truth that we feared has set us free, and far from destroying faith and the spiritual life it has only deepened them. When we began to learn that God works through law we feared that this would limit His freedom

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and His almightiness; when the idea began to dawn on us that the universe is a vast celestial mechanism, there seemed in it no longer a place for God's Spirit; but as soon as we began to comprehend the nature of those laws we perceived their beneficence and utility; and though they will not adapt themselves to man, man can adapt himself to them, and by so doing he can greatly increase his power and efficiency. They do exactly and on a grand scale what the laws of every civilized land do imperfectly and on a small scale; while taking away man's license and willfulness they give him liberty which he cannot enjoy without law—liberty not to break the law but to employ it and seek its protection.

And God's laws, far from limiting Him, are the very basis on which His eternal truth rests and the means by which He

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acts. They are inflexible because to a perfect Being there is but one perfect way. The physical universe may be a machine; so is our body also a machine, but a machine that is animated and upheld by an indwelling soul, and only so long as there is a soul in it does it hold together at all. As we reveal ourselves through our bodies, so God reveals Himself through the universe. As Spirit speaks to Spirit through many an instrumentality, so God speaks to us. Yet let us remember that in God's revelation there is a higher and a lower,—there is all the difference in the world between God's presence in a worm and His presence in a godlike man.

The animals have their share of God's Spirit too in their wise and mysterious instincts. The animal, uncorrupted by man, has no vices and he never commits suicide;

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he does not whine and complain, he does not flatter another, and he never voluntarily torments himself. Moreover the animal has unquestioning faith, he trusts his own spiritual powers and uses them unerringly; though he cannot understand the source of his wise instincts, he obeys them and thereby preserves his life; he eats when he is hungry, and unless his habits are nocturnal he sleeps during the hours of darkness. He does not worry nor mourn over the past, nor suffer from insomnia, nor use tobacco, nor drink alcohol. He has no physician to advise him what to eat or to prescribe for him when he is ill, but his own instincts tell him what to eat and what medicines to take. The healing power of nature works more freely and powerfully in him than it does in us; he has methods of inhibiting pain which we have

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lost, and when wounded or injured he finds relief and healing in sleep. He possesses spiritual faculties and is confronted by a spiritual power which he does not understand, but which he trusts without question.

We too are confronted by the same power which reveals itself to us more personally and overwhelmingly. Why do we not yield ourselves to it more entirely? We possess spiritual faculties infinitely superior to the faculties of the animal, but the strange peculiarity of man is that he does not trust his spiritual faculties. He does not follow them and seek to understand them and give himself up to them. He often ignores and resists them and lives an unspiritual life in defiance of them, and then he wonders that he is weak, ailing, despondent and miserable when he has cast aside the very thing that would make him strong and happy.

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For when man returns to the life of an animal he is not a good animal nor a wise animal. The normal animal trusts God and his spiritual faculties, but the animal man distrusts God and makes no use of his spiritual faculties. How then can he be happy?

God, we may be sure, created us for a purpose. He has a work to do in us and a work to do through each of us which through no one else can be done so well. If it were not for this we may be sure He would not take the trouble to make no two persons alike. God thinks no thought in vain and does not repeat Himself. He thinks no two thoughts alike and He creates no two souls alike. He thought us for a purpose and He reveals to us the purpose for which He made us early in life by many slight but significant hints and intimations,



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by the things we love and admire, the things which interest us and which we feel drawn to attempt. Among the innumerable thoughts which pass through our minds, some day there comes a thought of everlasting importance because it gives bent and direction to all our future thoughts and efforts. To all men who accomplish anything in the world the revelation comes of what they are to be and to become. At first this is only a thought in the mind of God revealed to us very imperfectly and dimly; our achievement as yet is nought, the future all unknown. Our minds are dark, our powers feeble, our strength apparently is utterly inadequate to the task; but we have seen something; we feel ourselves drawn in a certain definite direction. There is something stirring within us which was not there before; we have caught a glimpse

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of ourselves in a new light, not as we are at present in our ignorance and darkness, clad in all our mortal weakness, but as we feel it possible for us to become. A goal is set up in our existence which we cannot see clearly and which, because of its glory, we hardly dare to contemplate steadfastly; which converts our life from a poor, weak, fluctuating, purposeless thing into a mighty purpose, a determinate aim. Just so far as we yield to this purpose our life becomes powerful and successful, and just so far as we are false to it we fail. The higher this purpose is, the more unselfish it is, the more difficult of accomplishment, the more it bestows on us, the clearer our vision, the greater our strength, the more adamant our will, the deeper our peace. Only goodness can work this miracle. Evil knows no spell that can unite all our forces and compel

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them to work willingly and harmoniously together for the accomplishment of one purpose. Evil may overcome us, but unless it kill us it cannot subdue our whole soul.

The effect of such a unified life as this is to exalt and immensely to strengthen all our powers. We speak of a man so devoted as consecrated, that is altogether holy, and the description does not greatly exceed the reality. There is an immense advantage in living for one thing, especially if it be an ideal which we can never wholly realize, yet which every day we can do something toward realizing. By constantly being our best we constantly grow better—this is God's great reward—and the more such a task satisfies our whole nature and the more it furnishes employment to our higher faculties, the more we accomplish through it and the more it accomplishes in

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us. In fact I do not believe there is any other way to health and contentment and a happy life than through some task that we love and some work that we believe in. The harmonious action of all our powers does us nothing but good; mind and body together become one perfect instrument which can do an incredible amount of work. Good work which requires the smooth and frictionless operation of our faculties does us no harm, but, on the other hand, how quickly men's powers fail when the sustaining purpose of life is withdrawn and the work is finished or abandoned. And when the parts of the machine begin to make war on one another it must stop or break. Progressive, constructive thought is strengthening and stimulating to man; worry and helpless anxiety go round and round like a blind horse in a treadmill and

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end where they began. If you would escape the one you must have the other. A steady purpose set always in one direction can break down all opposition and accomplish anything, and a man who has no purpose is not a man but a mollusc. He who is always changing his purpose, taking up tasks and laying them down, accomplishes little, and he will look back at last to a broken and fragmentary life. The mightiest engine in the world is the human will. It can accomplish anything if it is steadfastly set in one direction. If a man desires wealth it will make him rich: if he desires learning it will make him learned: if he desires love it will draw love to him: if he wishes to serve men it will give him the opportunity of service for which he is best fitted, provided always he works with God's laws, not against them."

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To accomplish such a task and to do the work God intended us to do we need only steadfastness and faith in God and in our own spiritual powers. They may be little now, they may be as inadequate to the task we have set ourselves as were the five barley loaves and the few small fishes to the feeding of the multitude, but if we trust them and use them they will grow. If we do today's work well we shall have just that much more strength tomorrow. If we perform this task faithfully who shall say what our next task shall be? A characteristic of all great men is that without exception they began by doing small things well, and when the great things came their way they did them well too. Think of Abraham Lincoln, and of the marvelous development of Plato during the fourteen years which followed Socrates' death. It

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is said that the celebrated athlete of antiquity, Milo of Crotona, once made a wager that he could lift a bull, but he did not begin by trying to lift a bull. He bought a calf and lifted that and he went on lifting it every day, and every day the calf was a little heavier and Milo was a little stronger, and no day came in which Milo could not lift him. So by bearing small burdens patiently we prepare ourselves to bear larger ones. Seeing that we succeed in the ordering of our own affairs and lives, men begin to trust us with the ordering of their affairs and lives. To the onlooker this development often seems miraculous; to the man who is doing the task it is the most natural thing in the world. When God gives a man a task, He gives him strength and opportunity to do it. The initial hardships and difficulties are sent to



teach him faith and the necessity of casting himself wholly upon God. Having learned this lesson he goes on his way rejoicing. Barriers fall; insurmountable obstacles melt away as he approaches them or he finds a way through them. As the burden grows heavier his strength grows greater, and as he goes on his way he is attended by his former victories as by a cohort of angels.

Infinitely the most important, the most beautiful, the most touching element of our lives is the relation to their unseen Spirit of God. The soul has two doors, one open to all the world, through which every profane foot enters, the other open only to God, over whose threshold no foot but His has ever passed. But how often He has entered in joy, in sorrow, in death, in loneliness. How His presence has haunted us



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as something from which even in our lightest moments we were never wholly free. How often have we returned to the house of our soul to find Him there. How often He has left us apparently forever and yet He has returned. How often we have driven His Spirit from us by our sin and yet He has found us in our sin. It is in this presence that our noblest, truest life has been led, and without it the deepest, the most romantic part of our existence would not have been.

And I tell you now that you cannot escape from Him. Flee from Him ever so far and He will overtake you. Hide from Him ever so deep and He will find you. His patience is greater than your patience, His love is stronger than your love. You think that you have worn Him out and that you will see Him and hear Him no more;

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and lo, you find that He has worn you out, and you rejoice to feel again His presence within you and to hear Him audibly speaking to you. Can you escape Him? What are a few years to Him who has eternity at His disposal? What is your feeble opposition to Him who holds the world in the hollow of His hand? If God did not want you, He would not have made you. If He did not want you otherwise than you are He would not make you dissatisfied with yourself as you are. If He did not intend to satisfy the desire of your heart to behold His face He would not have implanted it in you. But if He wants you and He calls you, you must rise up and follow. "As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God." Who can escape the following, following, following love of God?

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“I fled Him down the nights and down the days.  
I fled Him down the arches of the years.  
I fled Him down the labyrinthine ways  
Of my own mind; and in the mist of tears  
I hid from Him and under running laughter,  
Up vista'd hopes I sped  
And shot precipitated  
Adown titanic glooms of shadowed fears  
From those strong feet that followed, followed after.  
But with unhurrying chase  
And unperturbed pace,  
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,  
They beat, and a Voice beat  
More instant than the feet:  
All things betray thee who betrayest Me.  
Halts by me that footfall?  
Is my gloom after all  
Shade of His hand outstretched caressingly?  
Ah fondest, blindest, weakest,  
I am He whom thou seekest.  
Thou dravest love from thee who dravest me.”

FRANCIS THOMPSON.



## RELIGION AND NEGLECT

How shall we escape if we neglect so great a salvation?

HEBREWS 2:3.



## CHAPTER IX

### RELIGION AND NEGLECT

It is usually a dangerous undertaking to explain things by the meanings of words, and I have noticed that when clergymen do this some evil spirit usually prompts them to get the meaning of the word wrong to begin with. The etymological meaning of a word is like the source of a river. It indicates the point at which the idea started; but the tiny source of the stream is not the stream itself and no etymology can account for the changes which every great word undergoes, and the new meanings which it takes on in the course of its history. Yet sometimes the original meaning of a word throws a brilliant light on the thing for which

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that word stands, and I should like to associate in the minds of my readers two words which we do not usually think of associating, though according to some of the best philologists they come from the same root, and from their prefixes they have exactly opposite meanings. The word *religion* and the word *neglect*, according to this view, both come from the Latin *legere*. The word *religion* means to gather again, to take up again and again, to consider carefully, to have a reverent regard for, while the word *neglect* means not to take up, to leave unnoticed, to let alone.

This is a striking thought because it shows so plainly the difference between the religious and the irreligious man. To be religious in the deepest sense is to have a reverent regard for God and our duty, and I like very much the idea of taking



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up things again and again. The task which religion undertakes is the greatest which it is possible for us to imagine, and as soon as it is possible for us to imagine anything higher, that perforce becomes part of our religion. Religion is the highest, truest, noblest conception of God and of our relation to God which we are capable of forming. It is the avowed and resolute endeavor to bring our whole nature into harmony with our highest thought. It is not the possession of a chosen few but it imposes the same stupendous task on us all, and undertakes the happiness and salvation of the lowest and the worst as well as of the highest and the best. Its object is not merely to save us from a world it despairs of saving, but so to transform this existing earth that it may be a safe and hospitable home for the children of God, and that its laws, its ideals, its

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social and economic arrangements may further the highest life and conform to the mind of Christ.

Evidently this is not a task which can be performed all at once, but one which must be taken up again and again. Every age, every race, every noble life has something to contribute to it. Can anyone but a simpleton imagine that such a work as this, the transformation of human nature by the creation of spiritual faculties, the suppression of savage instincts and tendencies can be effected in a few years, or that the work can be done once for all? As this work must be done for each succeeding generation the spirit that grapples with this task must be ever new and gather strength from every new victory and vision of truth; and as its victories come by slow approximations the task requires the patience of

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God. So the nature and glory of religion as I understand it is that its work is never done. The problems of one age are not the problems of another; it takes up things again and again; it is not discouraged and it is never satisfied. "My Father worketh hitherto and I work."

In religion the soul is active. It goes forth not merely to spy upon the universe but to labor for it. Vision and achievement, hope and fulfillment, idealism and devotion, these are its watchwords; while on the other hand the man who neglects—neglects himself, neglects others, neglects his obligations, neglects his opportunities—and who lets things alone to remain as they are is in the deepest sense an irreligious man, whatever his professions may be. "Who is the good man?" said Buddha. "The religious man only is good. What is

goodness? Goodness is harmony between the will and the conscience. Who is the great man? He that is strongest in the exercise of patience." We are apt to think that to make a failure of our lives it is necessary for us to do something that is essentially bad. Jesus, however, did not think so; He considered it sufficient merely to be neglectful. In His wonderful story of the last judgment, he did not accuse the men whom he rejected, and from whom He shudderingly withdrew Himself, of crimes and vices. He rejected them because they were selfish and neglectful. "Depart ye cursed into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels, for I was an hungered and ye gave me no meat, thirsty and ye gave me no drink, naked and ye clothed me not, I was sick and in prison and ye visited me not." The Greek word *to sin* means to *miss*

*the mark.* The sinner is a man who is leading an aimless life.

Everything which lifts a man conspicuously above his fellows, every great talent and virtue, is gained by great effort and sacrifice. If it were not so difficult I have no doubt that we all should be talented and wise and good and beautiful. Buffon defined genius as infinite patience, and right or wrong the definition has stuck. Paganini, who told out his soul on the strings of his violin, used to say that if he were parted from his instrument for three weeks he would be an ordinary player. If a man neglects his business it is sure to suffer. He may be robbed by unscrupulous partners, or swallowed up by some new combination of capital, and even if this does not happen there are always keen competitors ready to swoop down and carry off

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the business he is neglecting. If a man of education ceases to increase and to use his knowledge he cannot keep it. He may try to do so and wrap it up in a napkin, and hide it in the ground for safe keeping, but it slips from him.]

“He only earns his freedom and existence  
Who daily conquers them anew.”

In this world we are allowed to keep only what we use, and if we neglect our faculties they degenerate. We dislike exceedingly to [believe this. When we see opportunities slipping away from us which once were within our grasp we flatter ourselves that if we only willed it we could call a halt and rally and become all we might have been. We do not take into account the subtle process of degeneration which has been going on within us. In the world we see this law exemplified on every side.

We pride ourselves on our theory of evolution, but we forget that it applies also to us. We see the animals pressing on by successful struggle to higher life or falling back by failure to extinction; yet because other men have labored and we enjoy the fruits of their toil and have a place in the sun we imagine that we are excused from taking part in the great struggle of humanity and that we can stand aside from that sacred cause without grievous loss. But that is a mistaken view of the purpose of life which Nature will not tolerate. Every power and faculty we possess grows strong by use and weak by disuse. So long as we make use of Nature's forces she lends them to us freely; as soon as we cease to do this she takes them from us or else turns them against us. The ostrich, for reasons of his own, has preferred to use his legs rather



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than his wings. Nature has no objection, but if he will not use his wings he shall not have their use. He may run but he cannot fly. The mole burrows in the earth and lives in the dark. Nature humors him, but in his dark subterranean house he does not use his eyes, so she takes away his eyes and he is blind. (Henry Drummond.) It is quite the same with our spiritual faculties. They were given us for a high purpose, to know the truth, to love God, and to do good; given us that through them we might rise above the plane of an animal existence into the pure light of a spiritual life. But if we neglect to do this and prefer to live the life of an animal we are not allowed to keep the faculties of an angel. They are taken from us and we degenerate.

Nor do we return to the pure and peaceful life of the good animal with its unerring



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instincts and its wise impulses. Behind us stands a type of animal we should like to forget—the animal man, who is not a good animal. Within us are two natures, the image of the Divine Man of the future and the image of the animal man of the past who is always alluring us, always beckoning to us. He solicits not by articulate words, but through a thousand dark impulses and instincts and buried memories, and when the Divine Man within us ceases to resist him he claims us and absorbs us, leading us always so much further than we would go. That is the solemn and eternal lesson which Goethe teaches in the first part of “Faust.” He did not represent Faust as a criminal, but as a high-minded scholar who had become discouraged:

“Cursed be the vine’s transcendent nectar,  
The highest favor love lets fall.

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Cursed be faith, cursed be hope,  
And cursed be patience most of all."

In "Faust" the old man who stands behind him is Mephistopheles. Faust did not desire to kill Margaret's mother, he only wished to put her to sleep. Mephistopheles saw to it that she did not wake again. He had no quarrel with Valentine, yet, guided by Mephistopheles' hand, Faust's sword pierced his breast. He did not aim at Margaret's ruin, madness and death, but at his own pleasure; yet in accomplishing the one he accomplished the other also. That was Goethe's terrible comment on what happens when we break our helpful relations with our fellow men and forswear our allegiance to the divine; yet, alone of all the writers who have dealt with this tragic theme, he did not represent Faust as finally lost, but as saved. Having shown

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us how his hero fell to the very depths of evil by neglect and selfishness, he shows us also how he was redeemed by love and service. In proportion as Faust gave himself to the service of men the power of the Tempter over him diminished until it ceased, and Mephistopheles could do no more for him or with him; and when at last he gained the desired hour it came not as the gift of the Evil One, but as the reward of service,—hence it brought salvation, not damnation.

“The noble soul at last is free  
And saved from evil scheming.  
Whoe’er aspires unweariedly  
Is not beyond redeeming.  
And if he feels the grace of love  
Which from on high is given  
The holy hosts which wait above  
Shall welcome him to Heaven.”

We hear a great deal in Church about saving our souls, but it might be more to

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the point if we spoke and thought more about making a soul, for that seems to be what we were put into this world for, and this life is the time given us to do it in.

It seems strange to us sometimes that the way to life is so straight and that there are so many chances of missing it, but we cannot complain that Jesus deceived us on this subject. I have not quoted many of his words in writing of it, but at every step of this discussion solemn words of Jesus Christ have occurred to me: the Talents, the Last Judgment, "To him that hath shall be given;" "What shall it profit a man?" "Straight is the gate and narrow the way." And the reason why this task—the fashioning of a will, the creation of a moral character—is so difficult is that it is the highest, the only really great thing in all the world. It is the purpose for which

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the world itself exists, and without hope of this realisation it would have no purpose. Accordingly we do not wonder that for this the whole creation groaneth and travaileth together until now—that the divine man may be born. There may have been a time, as the mythology of all nations has loved to dream, when man, the child of Nature, was satisfied with the pleasures she could give him, with the satisfaction of drowsy cattle basking in the sunshine, or of Adam and Eve in Paradise; but Nature herself revealed God to him as a spiritual ideal and that satisfaction ended. The glorious and fatal tree of knowledge was tasted, and man must leave his fair garden behind him and go forth to his great work of conquest and suffering. Henceforth Cherubim and a flaming sword bar the way to his return. And henceforth man has

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two natures, one animal, the other spiritual; and on him is laid the task of harmonising those natures so that they may work together and the lower may serve the higher. For other hope of peace there is none. As Hegel magnificently says, "It is I who condemn sensuality and passion, and I who stand condemned. It is I who yield myself to the animal, and I, with a capacity for happiness which the animal can never satisfy, who regard myself with feelings of shame and contempt. I am at once the combatant and the combat and the ground torn up by the strife, the man who struggles to be free and the tyrant who would enslave him."

The light dove, winging her way across the heavens, might think that if it were not for the heavy impeding air she might soar higher and fly more swiftly, but it is the

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resistance of the air which enables her to soar at all, and it is the resistance of things to our will and of our will to things which makes us spiritual men and sets us free. Without a will we cannot enter into life. Until the divine man, formed in the image of Jesus Christ, rules, we are never safe.

At all events, this is one aspect of the battle of life reduced to very simple terms, and when we remember the word RELIGION, let us not forget the word NEGLECT.





## WHAT WE BROUGHT INTO THIS WORLD

For we brought nothing into this world with us and it is certain  
we can carry nothing out.

I TIM. 6:7.



## CHAPTER X

### WHAT WE BROUGHT INTO THIS WORLD

THERE is a sense in which these words are profoundly true. The child enters this world naked and helpless enough. Its first utterance is a cry, its claim upon mankind is its weakness, its only power of expression is the expression of a want. And as man enters so he departs. "Naked," said Job, "came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither." Whatever our possessions, whatever our worldly honors, powers, privileges, distinctions, we cannot take them with us. At the cold touch of Death they fall from us as if they had never been ours. As we came so we must go. Prince or pauper, sage or

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simpleton, all bow to the same law and are subject to the same fate, and over the coffin of one as of the other religion repeats the same message, "We brought nothing into the world and it is certain we can carry nothing out."

It is true men, shocked by the suddenness of this stripping, have sought to evade it. Terrified by the thought of the dead man's poverty, they have placed a few things in the coffin or beside the grave in the hope that they, at least, would accompany the dead man on his way. But the food remains untasted, the dead hand no longer grasps the bow or spear, the silver and the gold remain behind amid the general corruption. Our possessions may accompany us to the grave, then they cease. "Man," says the Talmud, "is born with his hands clenched; he dies with his hands wide open.

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Entering the world he desires to grasp everything; departing, all that he had has slipped from him." So Alexander the Great is said to have directed that one of his hands should be allowed to protrude from his coffin in order that all might see that he who had held the world in his grasp departed empty-handed.

There is something in this thought which takes hold of the dullest imagination. This is the text from which Job and Omar, Ecclesiastes and Hans Holbein, Molière and Heine preached their great sermon on the vanity of human life. Disguise it as we will, forget it when we can, our possessions are not really ours. Rather, they are ours but to a certain day and hour, and of that day knoweth no man. We are like men playing at the game of life with another man's money. Whether we win or lose when we

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rise from the table we rise penniless, leaving the stake for the next player. Our material goods belong to earth—we did not bring them hither and we cannot take them hence. Whatever difference these possessions or lack of possessions have made to us soon will make no difference. In the place to which we are going riches will no longer protect us, and if we have put our trust in them, defenceless will be our head. Poverty will no longer afflict us, for we shall be as rich as anyone else.

In this certain fact men have always seen a curb to human pride and an incentive to the accumulation of riches which we can keep. Suppose you found yourself on a desert island rich in gold and precious stones, and you knew that on a certain day a vessel would come and take you away. Should you be apt to spend the

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intervening time in building great and costly palaces or in heaping up other forms of barbaric splendor which you could not possibly take with you, and which after your departure could not profit you? Or should you embrace the opportunity which will never come again to provide yourself with those treasures which it is so easy to take with you, and which would place you for the rest of your life beyond the reach of want? Men know that the ship is coming, but they have not imagination enough to realise how naked they will be when all in which they have trusted is taken from them.

But when we pass from the consideration of our material possessions to our spiritual possessions we perceive that the old rule no longer holds. Is it true, after all, that you brought nothing into this world with

you? Was no lamp of joy lighted when your little face first saw the light? Was no human being blessed by your birth? Did you bring no sense of deep, unutterable happiness to at least one heart? Was not your childhood watched over by parental love? Did no high hopes, no fond illusions, no purifying sacrifices surround your cradle? You brought love into the world, you brought innocence and that tender, pure unselfishness which is the very flower of human life. Nor was that all: you brought a nature unlike any other that ever was created, a nature compounded of many elements, old and new, a soul which marked one stage of God's achievement, and which He will use for further achievement. You brought something which had not existed before, and which, except in you, can never exist



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again; a mighty instrument for good or evil; an almost infinite capacity for happiness or sorrow; something that having begun, will never cease to be, a character that will go on developing and affecting many other lives; something that one person, at least, will prize above all created things. When you came into existence a new thought of God came into existence. Yes, you brought something into the world with you, and Shakespeare, who was no bigger than you when he was born, brought something into the world with him without which the world would be poorer.

And as you brought something into the world with you, so, assuredly, you will carry something out. For between our spiritual and our material possessions there is this great difference. Our material possessions belong to the material world,

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not to us. For a time they are in our keeping and we are responsible for them. Nature lends them to us just as she lends us her forces, the material substances which make our bodies, which she afterwards takes back into her great laboratory and prepares for the use of others. But our spiritual possessions are different; no one can take them from us. You buy a house and when you are done with it you sell it; but you acquire a habit, you admit a thought into your heart and you find no obliging person to take it off your hands when you are convinced that it is injuring you; there it remains, a menace to your peace, a temptation to be resisted or yielded to. So it is certain that we shall carry out of this world all that we have been and thought and done. And these spiritual visitants do not remain stationary; they

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grow and develop like everything else that has life. "As to the beautiful mind of a Mendelssohn, every sound, the bubbling of a brook, the rustling of the wind amid the trees, suggested a musical thought, so—oh how melancholy is the contrast, how deep is the descent—to the mind that is steeped in sensuality every sight, every sound suggests an evil association." (Winwood Reade.) And the poor victim cannot lay aside the habit even when it gives him no pleasure, even when he desires to do so; but, by the terrible law of cause and effect, he is impelled still further toward that fearful borderland where all is darkness and vice is close to crime.

In this life we do not experience all the consequences of our actions. Life is too short and too narrow. It would have been impossible for Jesus in this life to

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receive the full reward of His superhuman achievement, and the reward He appeared to receive was iron nails and a wooden cross. But His reward has been flowing in for nineteen hundred years and it will continue to flow. Considering the facts of this one life it does not require fanatical faith to believe that God's great law of cause and effect goes beyond the grave. So all religions that deserve the name have looked forward to future retribution and compensation. Many have erred in representing the reward or punishment as arbitrary and unnatural and as imposed from without. The Christian religion, however, has been content to stand by the great principle that whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. I believe that those persons are in error who think that God's judgment consists in merely weighing the evil of a

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man's life against the good and rewarding or punishing him as one or the other preponderates. According to this some would receive nothing at all. Every good, the smallest as well as the greatest, has its value and receives its reward and every evil brings its punishment. If an evil man in the whole course of his life had done but one good deed he should by no means lose his reward for it. Many a man sees the opportunity to do a good action and neglects it because it is difficult, excusing himself by saying, "That was not my duty." But duty or not, every good act increases our strength and gives happiness to us and to others, and every good deed left undone leaves its gap. He who once seriously accepts this conception of recompense through spiritual laws will find in it the strongest incentive to think of others as

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one with himself, and of the future as one with the present; to love his neighbor as himself and to make no difference between another's happiness and his own happiness. Especially will he be sure that the moral laws of God cannot be violated with impunity and that the punishment of their violation will be both just and merciful. No view, I believe, is better able to help us realise the far-reaching consequences of our conduct and at the same time to reconcile us to the hardships of the present and the providence of God. Only remember that the mills of God grind slowly. I fully admit that the fulfillment of God's righteousness can be made perfect and justify itself to man only in eternity. If this life were all many of its enigmas would be insoluble and that is a reason which led Immanuel Kant to believe this life is not

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all. He who works with eternity before his eyes is apparently frequently obliged to sacrifice to it the single moment of this earthly present. Beware then of judging the whole by a part, the end by the beginning. No other view warns us more solemnly not to place our last and highest hope in that which cannot profit us, or to rest our expectation of salvation on anything less than the eternal justice and mercy of God. Every particular aim and purpose you and I are working for at this moment may miscarry. Every expectation of happiness and usefulness on earth may fail. Only God's justice can never miscarry. Only His love cannot fail. "His righteousness is as the everlasting mountains, His truth proceedeth from generation to generation." And the particular objects for which we live and strive are the less



likely to fail the more they are pursued with faith, love, purity and peace, for then we walk most closely in the way of the Eternal whose footsteps fail not.

Lastly, who will be satisfied merely with the thought of what he will carry out of the world with him? Who would not wish to leave something behind to bless the world he has loved and to help those who shall come after him? In many ways the world to come seems better able to take care of itself than the life that now is. There we may hope there will be time to amend our mistakes and to do better, but this life is very short. It says to us, "What thou doest, do quickly." Let us strive then to do at least this much: to leave behind us the fragrance of a gentle and innocent life, to leave no man worse and some men better by the fact that we



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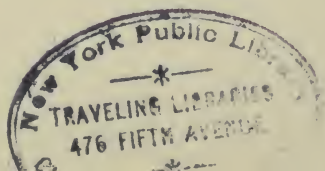
have existed. In one sense we brought nothing into the world, in another sense we brought much, and because we brought much we should leave more. And though we may carry none of our material possessions into that unseen world, we shall carry thither all that is most precious and blessed, our memories, our character, all the love of our human hearts; and others will do the same and we shall meet and once more be most closely united to all who were most dear to us. During the long day of life we have been scattered far and wide over the great vineyard of God, but when the night falls we shall all return together to our Father's house to receive at His hands what we have brought to Him. Then let us take care what we carry home to God, for what we carry home to God we are carrying for ourselves.



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And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature and in favor with  
God and man.

ST. LUKE 2:52.





## CHAPTER XI

### JESUS

JESUS left no writings behind Him. He seemed curiously indifferent to the preservation of His name and His fame but He wrote His biography in words and deeds that changed the world. Our belief in the existence of Jesus and in the fundamental facts of His life does not depend on writings of any kind, be they genuine or spurious, true or false. It rests on the perception of an achievement without a parallel, of a new force in human life; on a realisation of what each one of us is and would not be but for Him. Just as Robinson Crusoe from a footprint left upon the sand inferred that a being like himself had

visited his island, so from the impression left by Jesus we infer that a being unlike ourselves has visited this earth.

We have, however, an image of Him in the Gospels, a picture rich in glorious details, delicate as a picture of light, God's own handiwork. The important thing about the Gospels is that they give us a living, breathing image of Jesus. Such an image is not invented, it is the negative of a great original. Other men have tried their hands at this task, not ignorant peasants but great poets and scholars with all the knowledge of the world and the resources of language at their disposal, but whatever vitality their pages possess they have taken from the Gospels, which are solitary and unique in all the rich literature of Christianity.

Unfortunately these Gospels have pre-

served for us only the last year of Jesus' life, beginning with that wonderful Galilean spring-tide whose harvest has not yet begun to be gathered. It was a strange life, a life unlike any other of which we have knowledge; a mingling of Heaven and earth, of God and human experience; a life of reciprocated love and intimate access to all that is best in men and women, of which history has preserved no other example. If it had ended with His death it would have been a wonderful thing, but it did not end with His death—it has changed the meaning of life for us all. It was not the life of a thinker merely, or of a prophet, or of a physician merely, but a wonderful combination of all three which we can only call a Saviour's life. Great as were the tasks and responsibilities which devolved upon Him, He yet had time and

strength and love for individuals. From morning to night he was surrounded by human beings bringing to Him their sorrows, their aspirations, their deepest moral and physical needs. The world has recognised this element of His greatness and it would rather lose almost any memory it possesses than the memory of Jesus Christ surrounded by the miserable, always gentle and patient and hopeful, always opposing His power to our mortal weakness. If the pages of profane history had merely preserved for us this faithful picture of His stainless life on the heights of human feeling and His victory over sin and despair in the souls of others without a word as to who He was or whence He came, we should feel that here is a being apart, unlike the myriads of men who traverse this earth like shadows,



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whose natures and possibilities we know so well.

The image of Jesus in the Gospels is that of a being of perfect harmony, of a soul at peace with itself, at peace with its highest ideal, at peace with God. But that, if we wish to tell the truth, is what we do not find in the inner life of any other man of which we have intimate knowledge. What we see in the best men who think at all is one long struggle to create some kind of peace and harmony between faith and knowledge. In other men we see a still more bitter and terrible struggle between knowing and doing. Even St. Paul is obliged to cry out, "Wretched man that I am, who will deliver me from the body of this death? For to will is present with me, but how to perform what is good I find not." Jesus' question, "Which of you

convinceth me of sin?" remains unanswered to this day. In every instance it is His life that gives power to His word. Only a sinless conscience could conceive of God as pure love, for to the sinner God must reveal Himself as a judge.

Of His mighty works I will simply say that our whole estimate of them has changed in a generation. Fifty years ago hardly a man whose opinions were formed by reason had faith in the miracles of Christ recorded in the New Testament. Today men whose science qualifies them to speak of such matters are willing to accept the majority of such so-called miracles because they have been brought within the domain of our own experience. The majority of these acts are so closely interwoven with the known facts of His life, so supported by His authentic sayings and

to our present knowledge are so inherently probable that to deny them is gratuitous and perverse. To write the life of Jesus suppressing all allusion to His mighty works would be like writing the life of Julius Cæsar or of Napoleon Bonaparte suppressing all allusions to their campaigns. The lives of those great Captains were spent on the battle field and Jesus' life was spent doing good to men.

Secondly, if the miracles ascribed to Jesus had been mere signs of supernatural power, mysterious, fantastic portents, they would have little moral value and they might have detracted from His moral character. Can anyone affirm this of the deeds of love and compassion which alone are ascribed to Him? We read that He would give no sign to an evil and adulterous generation: He wrought no miracle to pro-

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vide for His own necessities or to increase His own fame; He rebuked with anger His disciples' desire to call down fire from heaven; He did not descend from the cross. But the sick who came to Him returned well; the blind saw and the deaf heard; the savage demoniac, naked as an animal, who dwelt among the tombs sat at His feet clothed and in his right mind. By His death we live.

But beside, and for us above His miracle, is His word. When once the high priest sent soldiers to apprehend Jesus they returned empty-handed, and in excuse for their failure they said, "Never man spake like this man." So every succeeding age has confessed. So we, too, must confess. Nearly nineteen hundred years have passed away since Jesus lived and died. During this long period the whole manner of

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human thought has radically altered. Nation after nation has tried its hand on the old problem—God, the world and the soul. Vast new literatures and sciences have risen and old literatures and sciences have disappeared. On almost every subject men know a thousand times as much as was known in His day, and yet His word has not lost its power. It speaks to us with the same charm of truth and nature as when it was spoken nineteen hundred years ago. This, however, is saying far too little. The word of Jesus, illustrated, interpreted, supported by the world's knowledge and progress as well as by its needs and failures, has a far deeper significance than when it was spoken. It would be absurd to suppose that the meditations of men like St. Paul, Augustine and Immanuel Kant have added nothing to the word of Jesus, yet it

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needs no learned commentary, it requires no special culture. Simply as Abraham Lincoln spoke, Jesus spoke more simply; but to say the greatest things in the simplest words is what no one else has been able to do. He spoke of the highest, greatest, last and deepest things in language "profound enough to be understood by a child." He spoke of God and man's relations to God. He spoke of the soul, and revealed those laws of the moral and spiritual life which once enunciated remain true forever. He spoke of birth and life and death, of the world of spirits, of conscience with its remorse and its satisfactions. In short, He spoke of that which is catholic and eternal in human nature and of that only. Hence He could say with truth—"Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away."

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Who then was He? There are two names or titles which from the beginning have attached themselves to Jesus Christ. He called Himself the Son of Man and His disciples called him the Son of God. Every great nation at some time finds its great man or its great men in whom its national genius is brought to a focus—and the life of a people expresses itself. Such men are a nation's chief glory. They give to the nations their character and are the great forces of universal history. Poor, indeed, is a people which has not one such son to boast of. And yet in all the brilliant galaxy of the heroes of the nations is there one entitled to be called the Son of Man? Socrates was a most humane man of genius, but of a type unknown outside of Greece. Plato was a man of yet narrower influence. Julius Cæsar admirably represented many



salient traits of Roman greatness. Mohammed was the idol of his people. Martin Luther recreated Germany. In one way or another all these men were remarkable. They towered above their fellows and to an extraordinary degree they shaped the destinies of their countrymen, but that is about all we can say. Their influence was not eternal and universal and their lives and characters represent no perfect and permanent ideal. Mohammed's character was idolised in Arabia but to us he presents but a sorry picture of human virtue. Julius Cæsar was master of the world but a dagger thrust ended his greatness and no one saw him rise from the dead. Far, indeed, are even the greatest representatives of national genius from being the enduring representatives or the ideals of humanity itself, which constantly outstrips



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them, outgrows them and leaves them behind. We may compare them to mighty spreading billows (Theodor Keim's figure) produced by the currents of human life and destined to spend their strength, to subside to humanity's level or even to sink beneath its level. Jesus, however, is no such billow, no wave thrown up by currents of time, the desires and aspirations of his age, but the Rock which dominates human life; a rock which the currents of human life did not create but the creative hand of God placed there,—a new type of man, the divine man—and the current cannot submerge it, cannot overflow it, cannot rise above it. That Rock, that pillar, the Son of God, will ever look down upon humanity, no matter how far it may flow, no matter how high it may rise; will ever permit that humanity to hold fast to Him

and be saved or to dash itself in fruitless opposition against Him.

His disciples expressed their consciousness of this by calling Him the Son of God, and even Renan declared that he could quarrel with no one who so regarded Him. It is said that when Solomon's temple was building old Hiram Abiff (a name well known to Masons) cut the keystone of the great arch and sent it to Jerusalem. The builders, not knowing for what purpose Hiram had designed this stone, tried to fit it into the wall, but on account of its peculiar shape, it being neither square nor oblong, they could make no use of it and they threw it away, declaring that the old architect's hand had failed. At last, as the arch was nearing completion, one stone was missing—the keystone. Hiram's neglected stone was sought and when found it

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exactly fitted. And this is the old legend which Peter applied to Christ when he said, "The stone which the builders rejected has become the headstone of the corner"—the keystone of the arch. So it has ever been. Every rejection of Jesus, whether by Caiaphas and the Jews or by David Strauss or the Paris Commune or by you and me, has turned out in the same way. He is rejected but He must be sought for, and when found He must be put back in His old place at the top of the arch, for He fits nowhere else. He is not one fine square stone out of many, but the keystone which locks and crowns the arch of humanity. Previous history leads up to Him on one side, subsequent history springs from Him on the other. "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me."\*

\*I have taken this beautiful apocryphal story and its application to Christ from a sermon of the late Robert S. Barrett, D.D., entitled "God—Revealed in a Divine Man."



**A MEMORIAL OF THE LUSITANIA**



## CHAPTER XII

### MAY NINTH—THE SINKING OF THE LUSITANIA

It does not seem to me natural to let this day pass without allusion to the terrible event of which our hearts are full. In this church we are not merely a congregation, we are a large family. No one suffers alone, and the fate of several of our beloved people brings the whole dreadful tragedy very near to us.

There are some events so overwhelming that they mock at all explanation and comment. In their presence we are merely helpless, and we stand, before them, like the friends of Job, abashed and stricken with awe, with our hand upon our mouth.

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When the Titanic sank with more than a thousand persons we felt that we were in the presence of one of the inscrutable mysteries of Nature and inexorable law. It was a crushing blow to human pride. There was something terrifying to the imagination in the thought of the great iceberg detached from its distant glacier in the frozen North and guided by invisible hands until its course coincided with that of the fated vessel in the dark hours of the night. It proved once more that "The sea hath no king but God alone." We were crushed by grief, but there was nothing to say.

Here there is only too much to say, but this is not the time nor the place to utter all that is in our hearts. On the contrary, the present seems a time for self-control and silence in order to give greater effect



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to the words of him whose duty it is to speak for us. In all our history we have never received such a blow as this, and one would have to search far in the annals of civilized warfare for a parallel example. Nevertheless, for the present we are silent. We repress our horror and our indignation, but we may express our sorrow for the loss of our friends who left us but a few days ago, young and fair, full of life and hope and happiness, and our pity for this debased and stricken earth wherein such things can happen.

Throughout the length and breadth of America today there are but two thoughts—sorrow and amazement. These we profoundly feel, and we pray God to receive those so suddenly snatched from life into heavenly habitations, to mitigate the sorrows of those who mourn their dearest,

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and to illumine the mind and to strengthen the heart of him who has authority to ask the reason why.

Among those whose deaths are most personal to us are Mr. and Mrs. Stewart S. Mason and Mr. Edwin W. Friend. Mrs. Mason, Leslie Hawthorne Lindsey, was the daughter of our friends and parishioners, Mr. and Mrs. William B. Lindsey of Bay State Road. She was born June eleventh, 1886, and was educated for the most part abroad. She possessed many talents and graceful accomplishments and was a gifted musician and amateur actress. I knew her naturally through her spiritual aspirations and her keen desire to serve. Her nature was pure, unaffected and gentle, and I have known no tenderer heart. On April twenty-first she was married at Emmanuel to Mr. Stewart Sothern Mason, a young

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Englishman, educated in the famous Charterhouse School and at Christ Church College, Oxford. From the devotion of Mr. Mason's friends and their intense respect for his character, he must have been a young man of rare personality and of peculiar charm. He was deeply religious and a personal friend of the Bishop of London. Few men and women have begun their married lives with brighter hopes of happiness and usefulness. That life for them lasted twelve days.

Edwin William Friend was born in Tipton, Indiana, June fifteenth, 1887, and was graduated from Harvard University in 1908. For a man of his years he was a very unusual scholar, and had he lived he would have become eminent through his mastery of Greek, Latin and Sanskrit. He knew German as he knew English and

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one of my pleasantest memories of him is his reading of German poetry. He wrote Greek with such facility that one of his teachers at Harvard told me he could counterfeit Plato's style so closely as to deceive the very elect. During the past year he became so preoccupied with the problem of human immortality that he relinquished his lectureship in Harvard and became Assistant Secretary in the Society for Psychical Research. It was to confer with Sir Oliver Lodge and other distinguished members of the English Society that, in company with Miss Theodate Pope of Farmington, he undertook this fatal voyage. Miss Pope was saved, he was lost.

Mr. Friend's association with Emmanuel and with me arose through his marriage on July fourteenth, 1914, to Miss Marjorie

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Patten, one of our communicants and faithful helpers. His death, cutting short as it did a life of such high hope and earnest purpose, is hard to accept or to understand, yet I will not display a less courageous spirit than his bereaved and stricken wife has shown. He died, we hear, while attempting to save others. So these three gracious young lives have passed, sacrificed, from one point of view, to a barbarous and brutal expedient of war—passed, according to another point of view, to deathless happiness and eternal life.

In these days when the foundations of life are shaken, and the things on which men have built for ages seem to be crumbling, we cannot help trembling for our ideals and for the future. There are certain ideals of justice, benevolence and freedom which seem part of the very program of human

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life. Belief in them is necessary to make this world intelligible and life desirable. Deny these, or take away the possibility of their realization, and you deny the spiritual nature of man and belief in God becomes superfluous.

What amazes us today is the discovery that these beliefs seem to exercise so slight an influence on the conduct of men. In times when it requires no particular effort or sacrifice we acknowledge them and rejoice in them. We profess to follow them and exult in the splendid progress of mankind and in the extension of reason and a spirit of humanity, but when the test comes apparently we are willing to put all the holy ideals of life from us, and to regulate our conduct by what appears to be the necessity of the moment.

Grant that war is a reversion to a lower

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form of social consciousness which revives all the innate ferocity of men, must war also rob men and nations of all moral worth and moral attributes? Is there not a way of waging war by which man can preserve his honor, his dignity, his chivalry and compassion for the weak and helpless, and his respect for those with whom he has no quarrel,—in short all those qualities which make him a man? And in comparison with the other way of waging war is not this the right way? If a nation gives itself up to blind ruthlessness, can any victory repay it for what it has lost of its own higher qualities and for sacrificing the general esteem of mankind? To put it on the lowest ground, are such methods in the long run likely to prove successful? The more a people does to discredit a cause the less that cause is likely to succeed. Armed ene-



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mies spring up out of the earth.\* In spite of the materialism of those who affirm that God is always on the side of the heavier battalions there is a utilitarian trend in things which in the long run does not betray the ideal. Humanity does not acquiesce long in seeing its most sacred feelings trampled under foot. Injustice invariably leaves a loophole to Fate where Fate places an arrow.

Careless seems the Great Avenger,  
History's pages but record  
One death struggle in the darkness]  
Twixt false systems and the Word. '

Right forever on the scaffold,  
Wrong forever on the throne:  
Yet the scaffold sways the future,  
And behind the dim unknown,  
Standeth God within the shadow  
Keeping watch above His Own

\* Since these words were written, Italy.



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We have been deceived once more by Plato's old fallacy that if men know what is right they will always do it. Perhaps they should, but as a matter of fact they don't. This is to place too much confidence in intelligence, and to believe too naïvely that man's conduct is regulated by pure reason. Truer to human experience is the melancholy line of the old Latin poet: "Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor."—"I see and approve the better and follow the worse." Human nature is not so simple. The human conscience is very obscure. Man is not a mere intelligence served by organs. He is a strange compound, a being of impulses and emotions and passions, swayed to an extraordinary extent by dark desires and ancient instincts. He who would lead man in the right direction must find some means to harmonize

these discordant elements, to transform the lower, to win the affections, to captivate the imagination and to arouse the will. In short, he must deal with man as Christ dealt with him. Reason in itself is no guarantee of conduct, and culture has become a word of such hateful connotation that we do not like to pronounce it. We fancied that in all our new knowledge we had found a substitute for faith and the old-fashioned virtues but we have learned our mistake. The great impartial scholars who felt themselves far above human weakness and the fear of God appear to find no difficulty in justifying the most obviously wicked actions. They have done more to discredit untrammelled reason than all the preachers in Christendom could do. These acts and their maladroit apologists have proved for all time the danger of trusting

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all to one set of faculties, even if that faculty be reason. The significance of this war is that for the first time science has been relentlessly employed in solving the problems of human life. Woe to man when the conception of might supplants the conception of service and of duty!

It is not difficult for us to see the beam—I will not call it a mote—that is in our brother's eye, but there appears to be something also in our own eye. Nations judge nations, and we have not escaped the moral judgment of mankind. We are not tempted to savage acts of tyranny and injustice, but we have been the mute spectators of such acts, when our indignant protest might have brought some compunction to the perpetrator and some comfort to the victim; and our silence and compliance have not kept us from suffering

the same tyranny ourselves. What has embroiled the nations is chiefly the conviction that religion and morality have no application to the sphere of international relationships, but that these are matters to be determined only by opportunity and by the dictates of enlightened selfishness. It is a very seductive theory and up to a year ago he who dissented from it would have been regarded as a weak-minded sentimentalist. Today we are not so sure of it, neither are we so sure of our famous American doctrine that religion and morality have no application to business or to politics. These exceptions are dangerous, —dangerous to the things we try to screen from the operation of God's laws. Either those laws are of universal application in all relations or they are of no binding obligation on any man in any relation. We

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may accept them if it please us and reject them when it suits our convenience. Not thus, however, do we escape their action. We must obey them or they act on us.

Every great crisis in history has brought with it a crisis in religion because it reveals the extent to which men really practice the principles which they profess. One of these ideals is human freedom—a sacred word in every language, the conviction that men are able to govern themselves and need no tyrants nor despots nor autocrats, that no such deep differences exist in human nature as to justify the formation of hereditary castes which it is impiety to overstep. The ideal of freedom rests on the conception that slavery is ethically wrong, and that men ought to be permitted to make such arrangements for their marriages, the rearing of their children, their

occupation in life and their burials as seem to them best, provided only that they do not interfere with the rights of others. This has always been one of the cherished ideals of mankind. The cause of liberty is the most sacred cause of humanity. It is for this that the noblest nations in their greatest days have struggled, and what makes the ideal doubly precious to us now is the fact that the cause of liberty and democracy is the cause of peace. It is the sworn enemy of a policy of conquest, for the good sense of mankind, when it is free to express itself, refuses to sanction such a policy. When the Romans undertook the conquest of the world they found it necessary to abandon their republican form of government. The French Revolution aimed at ridding France of the burden of monarchy and aristocracy but Napoleon did

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not find a popular government adapted to his schemes. He soon tired of being First Consul and had himself crowned Emperor of the French. A military power must always be despotic. It is only authority, permanent and absolute, penetrating every rank of society, which can insure the necessary obedience and discipline and give cohesion and articulation to the mass,—one will, one brain, one sacred person whose will it is the religion of the people to fulfill. For this reason nations so organized are always successful in war—at first, but sometimes these great advantages are overborne later by the sturdy spirit of democracy. These are really the two ideals of government which are matching their strength against each other today. The world has grown so small that two conceptions of government so diametrically



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opposed can hardly continue to exist. And much as we admire the magnificent efficiency and preparedness and sheer intellectual force of the one we believe in the final victory of the other. We believe in it because we conceive it to be part of God's education of the human race, the direction in which the world is tending. We wish to call no man master on earth. No lot in life which does not provide a large element of freedom and personal initiative has any charm for us. Nor in saying this do we forget Germany's great service to mankind in advancing the cause of intellectual and religious liberty, and these attained, political liberty will follow. A nation to which the cause of liberty is "a dead issue" has something to learn before she can pose as the teacher of free peoples.



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In more than one sense war tries the spirit of man and reveals what is in him. God shakes the world in order that the things which can be shaken may be removed to make way for the future. Among these the great and permanent ideals of the human race, justice, benevolence and freedom, are not included, for humanity cannot take a step without them. They alone unite us and give light and meaning to life, an object higher than ourselves toward which to struggle.

Will God cast off His people because they have forgotten Him and have cast off for the time being the lessons He has been at so much pains to teach them? He might if He were a jealous God careful only of His own honor, but not if He is our Father. Can we imagine God saying, "I knew a man once and tried to help him and to lead him

in the right way, but he was disobedient and unruly, he was weak and impure and coarse and angry and wholly objectionable to me, so after correcting him once or twice I left him to his own devices and ceased to trouble myself about him"? So the gods of the heathen might speak if they were able to speak, but not the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. Fathers see too much of themselves in their children to rid themselves of their responsibilities so lightly. Who may venture to put words into the mouth of God? And yet "He knoweth whereof we are made. He remembereth that we are but dust," and though we abuse His patience and His long years of fatherly training, yet His patience is inexhaustible. Man uses many means to accomplish one end. God uses one means to accomplish many ends, and He will not cease to use

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His means until His end is accomplished  
and His will is done. Therefore “for the  
elects’ sake whom He hath chosen He  
hath shortened the days.”















